Tumblr AU Ficlets

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6888580.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), Mænd & høns | Men & Chicken (2015), Basic Instinct (Movies), Clash of the Titans (2010), The Big C (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Doctor Strange (2016), The Path (TV), James Bond (Craig Movies), The Jane Austen Book Club (2007), Move On (2012)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Elias (Men & Chicken)/Adam Towers, Draco (Clash of the Titans)/Lee Fallon, Le Chiffre/Adam Towers, Grigg Harris/Kaecilius (Marvel), Kaecilius (Marvel)/Cal Roberts, Grigg Harris/Mark, Joe Connor/Lucas (Jagten)
Characters:	Bedelia Du Maurier, Beverly Katz, Matthew Brown
Additional Tags:	Originally Posted on Tumblr, Ficlets, Dying Will, Prince Will, Musicians, Prince Hannibal, Phone Sex Operator Hannibal, Imaginary Friend Hannibal, Monster Under the Bed Will, Dream Jumping, Vampire Will, Vampire Hannibal, Werewolf Hannibal, Doctor Hannibal, Babysitter WIll, Ghost Adam, Ghost Hannibal, Ghost Will, Ghost Nigel, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will, Alpha Hannibal, Mpreg, Valentine's Day, Christmas, Black Friday, Halloween, New Year's Kiss, Fluff, Angst, Sad Ending, Happy Ending, Creature Fic, Kid Fic, Nanny Will, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Alternate Universe - Zombie Apocalypse, Alternate Universe - Prostitution, Stripper Will Graham, Stripper Hannibal, Alternate Universe - Historical, Older Man/Younger Man, Single Dad Hannibal, Enemies to Lovers, Monsters, Alternate Universe - Werewolves Are Known, Omega Nigel, Omega Adam Towers, Alpha Jean Duran, Hugh Dancy/Mads Mikkelsen Character Combinations
Language:	English
Collections:	hannigram to save the day
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-18 Completed: 2020-05-04 Words: 50,631 Chapters: 99/99

Tumblr AU Ficlets

by slashyrogue

Summary

A series of short Hannigram AU ficlets that were originally posted on my tumblr.

AKA the ones no one prompted more of.

Hannigram AU: The President's Son Will & Secret Service Agent Hannibal

Will Graham hates his life. Hates it. His father is President, his Mom has completely checked out of life and he has no one to talk to that he isn't sure is some sort of spy for his parents. When they assign a new secret service agent as head of his detail he immediately hates Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal has worked for the White House for the last few years protecting the President. When there's a threat to the First Son they change him to Will's detail. Immediately he hates the kid. He's rude, constantly questions every single decision made for his protection, and he never looks Hannibal in the eye.

When Will is kidnapped Hannibal is head of the rescue squad to retrieve him. He heads there determined to ream the brat out for not listening to him and ends up surprised when Will apologizes, bursting into tears.

He takes him home with two other agents and Will clings to him, terrified out of his mind. After that it takes everything for Hannibal not to stare at him, he gets a reputation for being the pushover around Will.

Will is oblivious though he owe personally requests Hannibal because he really likes talking to him. His father is thrilled that Will is finally listening and sets him up on a "date" with the daughter of a foreign ruler who visits the White House and Will is sad when Hannibal is too busy to protect them.

Hannibal keeps his distance after that and Will is hurt but thinks he's obviously been annoying so he tries not to call on Hannibal, asking for other agents instead.

Hannibal felt his anger rising as Will stood there ignoring him. He knew his infatuation with a nineteen year old was ridiculous but to be ignored while they were in the same room was unacceptable.

"If my presence is so horrible for you to endure, Sir, I will kindly call in another agent to switch detail," Hannibal growled, stomping past him just as Will grabbed onto his arm.

He felt Will's tug and looked up, shocked to see that Will was smiling.

You don't hate me?"

Hannibal frowned. "Why would I? You've done nothing wrong I was.."

Will threw himself at him, crushing their mouths together sloppily and whispering, "I thought you hated me. I just…you were so nice for a while and then, I thought maybe I was getting on your nerves."

Hannibal touched his cheek, leaning in to kiss it before whispering, “You do plenty to my nerves, sir, and I would like you to get on something just not those.”

Will laughed and kissed him again.

When hours later they woke to a new detail change Will was surprised to see money being exchanged among the other agents.

About damn time,“ Agent Crawford muttered.

Hannigram AU: One Night With The Boss

Will Graham hates his job. His boss is an asshole, possibly the worst human being on the planet. He's selfish, narcissistic, and expects Will to do everything perfectly. He spends nights late at the office working on all of Hannibal's backlogs, losing sleep more often than not, and when he finally gets to meet the bastard who he's the slave for he can't wait to punch him in the face.

Hannibal Lecter is the CEO of Lecter, Inc, his family's company that he would rather not go near with a ten foot pole. His assistant Frederick keeps all of his affairs in order so that it isn't a problem that Hannibal is an absentee company head.

When he finds out that Frederick is embezzling from him and making one worker do all of his work he fires the man and decides that maybe he needs to come in after all. When he meets the man who had been his savior for the past year he is entranced, enthralled, and entirely smitten with Will Graham who seems to hate him. He makes it his mission to prove Will wrong about him, even if it takes plenty of long nights working alone in his office.

"Mr. Lecter, I think I need to say some thing."

Hannibal looks up from his papers and smiles. "I am all ears."

Will bit his bottom lip, seeming uncomfortable sigh whatever he wanted to say. He sighed loudly before declaring, "I know you're attracted to me. I think it's seriously inappropriate and I think that if you continue…"

"You are beautiful when you're offended, dear Will. Please, continue."

Will growled, throwing his head down on the table as he made frustrated noises.

Hannibal got up, walked over to Will and put his hand on the back of Will's head. Will stiffened as Hannibal pet his hair, beginning to run his fingers through it.

"I find you entirely enchanting, sweet Will. From the moment I walked into this office to find you glaring at me I wanted nothing more than to give you the world."

Will turned his head, laying his cheek on the table as he glared at Hannibal. "I hate you."

Hannibal moved his hand to worship Will's cheek, delighted when he shivered in response. "No beloved, you do not."

Will stood so suddenly that Hannibal was thrown off balance as the smaller man yanked him close, reversing their positions and trapping him against the table. "Shut up already and fuck me."

Hannibal touched Will's face again, this time his fingers finding his lips. Will licked them and he growled in response.

“Your wish is my command, dear Will.“

Hannigram AU: Hannibal 007 & Will as Q

“You’re an idiot. You know that, right? I told you not to go that way and now…”

Hannibal tried not to let his anger overcome him as he hissed, “I would appreciate the help out of the situation now, Q. If you have such an abundance of ideas please give one that could…”

“There’s a pin in your watch,” Will mumbled, feeling anger rising in him, “You know, the one you didn’t even want to wear?”

Hannibal maneuvered his hand to get to the hidden pin, right behind the watch face and easily accessible if he had known it was there.

“Were you going to keep me in handcuffs the entire evening or was it a secret thrill to see me in them?”

Will flushed, feeling better that there was no one in the office to hear 007′s attempts at flirting when he knew it was just all talk. “Maybe it was. Why, are you offering to model them for me?”

Hannibal got the cuffs off, rubbing his wrists as he started to work on his ankles.

“Possibly.”

Will resisted the urge to smile. “I”m sure you say that to all the Quartermasters.”

“Boothroyd was never quite as easy on the eyes as you, Q. Also I find myself quite…”

There was a noise and Will suddenly stood up as he heard gunshots, “007? Hey, what’s…?” more noises and he grunting, “007! Answer me!”

There was a huff of breath and a laugh, “Call me Hannibal. Please. You sounded worried, Q. Were you worried?”

Will smiled, “You wish, 007. Now get that chip back here before M has my head.”

Another chuckle, “Wouldn’t want that. Think of all the things I would never get to experience doing that involve your mouth. I know I told you to call me Hannibal.”

Will took a deep breath, pushing his glasses back up his nose. “When you get back, if you’re good.”

Hannibal smiled. “I promise, Will. I’ll be very, very good.”

The audio cut out before Will could reply, smiling to himself as he monitored Hannibal’s heart rate and location.

Heart rate was elevated but steady, and location was moving rapidly away from the Moldavi estate.

He calculated the flight times from Madrid to home and it was too damn long.

But the wait would be worth it.

Hannigram AU: The Photographer & The Model

Will Graham is a model.

It's easy work, let other people make you look good and smile or not smile at the camera not having to talk to a single person the entire day unless he really wants to. He's only been doing it for two years now, staying out of the limelight and he prefers it that way.

Until he meets Hannibal Lecter.

He's heard that Hannibal is demanding, a perfectionist, and doesn't take too kindly to models who don't know what they're doing which is what makes Will even more worried about posing for him.

When he walks into the studio it's a skeleton crew, and Will looks around for the man holding the camera but sees no one as he walks over to the backdrop and sits on the chair waiting.

"You are not posing correctly," he hears, looking up to see a man a bit older than him standing there with a camera and a smile.

Will blushes, standing up and mumbling, "I…um…how do you want me?"

Hannibal's eyes skim down his body, lingering on every inch and Will can feel his blush deepening. No one has ever looked at him like that before, it's like he's being devoured.

"Well, now that answer could take some time."

Will laughs nervously, "I mean, how am I posing?"

Hannibal smirks, "I believe that you should take off the coat, possibly raise your arms above your neck."

Will takes off his suit coat, fighting a blush and trying not to laugh again. He drapes it on the back of the chair, his eyes looking at Hannibal.

He sees triumph there, like Hannibal just got exactly what he wanted and Will only did what he was told. "Yes, perfect Grazus. You are perfect. Do not move."

He begins to take pictures, Will's eyes following his every move and time passes so quickly that soon it's been two hours.

Hannibal lets out a sigh, "I believe you can sit down, Will."

Will startles, "You know my name."

Hannibal smiles, "Of course, you thought I did not?"

Will sits, feeling silly as he says, "You kept calling me, Grazus? I thought you were just…"

Hannibal walks to him, almost pushing Will back into his chair.

Will lets out a breath, his eyes not looking away from the man above him.

“I called you that because that is what you are, Will. Very, very beautiful.”

Will lets out another nervous laugh, “I…”

Hannibal’s hand comes to his cheek, “I would like to take pictures of you again.”

Will swallows, “I…I’m supposed to shoot with you next week.”

Hannibal smiles, his fingers going across to Will’s mouth and making him sigh.

“You know exactly what I mean, Grazus.”

Will shivers, “I…I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

Hannibal’s smile widens, “Is that so, Will? Why?”

Will licks his lips, tasting Hannibal’s finger on his tongue. “People will…they’ll talk. I…it might not be good for my career,” he licks Hannibal’s finger again, “Or yours.”

Hannibal laughs, “I care very little for my career, beautiful Will. I would burn it cinder if it meant being allowed to see, “ he pressed his cheek against Will’s own and whispered, “What is under your clothing.”

Will sighs, “I…”

He feels Hannibal’s lips on his cheek as the photographer says, “Think on it, Grazus,” pulling back to hand Will a card he seemed to pull out of nowhere, “I will be expecting your call.”

When he’s gone, Will takes a long breath and tries to calm his beating heart.

It takes longer than it should.

Hannigram AU: The Bank Robber & His Hostage

Will Graham is having a terrible day. He's dumped his coffee in the car on the ride to work, is late with his rent because they messed up his direct deposit so now he's in the bank on his lunch break waiting in a line.

He keeps checking the time, he's got ten minutes and ten people ahead of him.

Then suddenly he hears, "This is a robbery!"

Hannibal Lecter needs money. All the money he can get as soon as possible and this seems the best way to do it. He plans it out completely and walks into the biggest bank in the city only to walk out with a mouthy hostage and $500,000. Soon he's running from the cops, making demands and trying to stop himself from shutting up Will Graham by shoving his tongue down his throat.

Hannibal bit into the apple slices, staring across the room at his hostage. Will was eating with one hand unsuccessfully but he refused help, dripping his food all over the floor.

"If I could trust you more we would not be in this situation," Hannibal remarked, trying to fight a grin.

Will have him the finger, chewing his burger as he stayed stubbornly silent.

"My sister," Hannibal whispered, making Will look at him.

"What?"

Hannibal refused to meet his eyes when he confessed, "My sister Mischa is in dire need of medical attention, I needed the money for that. Nothing else."

Will looked skeptical. "Where is she?"

"Back home in Lithuania, where she's far away from me."

Will said, "You planning on flying to give it to her?"

"If need be," Hannibal glared at him, "If you had not gotten in my way I would not have had to…"

"If I hadn't, you'd be dead because you're an idiot!"

Hannibal shot up out of his chair and grabbed Will by his collar, his food falling. "What do you even care for!? No one wants to see me anything but dead!"

Will spat back, "Because for some idiotic reason I care about what happens to you! I…fuck, I should've just let you die. I wouldn't have to…"

Hannibal kissed him then, not caring about the taste of overcooked meat on his tongue or the greasy stains on Will's fingers as he pulled them closer. When they parted Will laughed, pressing his forehead against Hannibal's.

"I'm so stupid, this is so stupid, I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Hannibal kissed his eyelids, whispering as he kissed his cheeks, "I think this is the best thing you could be doing. Though if you are trying to persuade me to let you go…"

Will punched him in the arm and kissed him again mumbling, "I would've done this days ago if that was it. I just…I can't stop thinking about you."

Hannibal touched his cheek and smiled. "Yes, Will I feel the very same way."

Hannigram AU: Confessions of a Shopaholic

Will Graham loves shopping.

The feel of something new in his hands is an addiction that he has no plans to stop indulging in, the plethora of credit cards in his wallet a key to discovering beautiful new pieces of clothing.

Until the bills come. A dozen all maxed out completely, and he despite being the envy of all of his friends he realizes it's time to get a job.

Enter Hannibal Lecter.

Charming, well mannered, gorgeous, and rich. Will meets Hannibal for the first time in a clothing store, staring forlornly at a beautiful green scarf he craves and surprised by the generosity of the stranger who buys it for him.

The second time is in an interview, writing for a Money magazine where Will lies to get hired for since Hannibal seems to enjoy his answers regardless of truth of them.

Soon he's the talk of the town: The Boy in the Green Scarf.

Can he keep up his charade pretending to offer financial advice to the masses when he doesn't even know how to navigate his own money problems? And when a persistent debt collector starts to sniff around, what will he do to keep his new life?

"I am well aware at what this looks like," Will said slowly, staring at the man on the floor of his office and Hannibal who shut the door behind him.

A smile appeared on his boss's lips, "I wondered how far you would go to keep the secret, Will, I did not expect this."

Will frowned, "What? You sent him here? You knew?"

Hannibal walked over to Chilton, leaning down and sighing as he felt his pulse, "He's still alive."

"Of course he's alive, did you think I'd kill him?"

Hannibal turned and looked Will up and down, his smile gone. "He will expose you to the world, there is no way you can continue here if he is allowed to speak out."

Will felt a pain in his chest at the idea. "You knew that and still sent him here."

"Will…" Hannibal took a few steps forward and Will some back, shaking his head.

"I'll save you the trouble, Mr. Lecter. I quit."

Will turned and left his office, slamming the door behind him.

Hannibal stared at the unconscious debt collector on the floor of Will's office and sighed, "What am I going to do with you now?"

Hannigram AU: The Walking Dead

Will Graham is tired. He feels like he does nothing but drive and kill zombies, over and over again but there hasn't been any other person for weeks now. When he runs out of gas on his bike he pulls up next to a house that he doesn't expect to be occupied.

Hannibal Lecter is angry. Angry at the would for falling apart, angry at his neighbors for all dying so easily, and angry with himself for being so hungry for anything but the food in his pantry. When one evening a stranger walks into his house he's ready with his gun, but seeing a healthy young man in front of him his mouth waters. They fight, the stranger almost coming out on top but Hannibal gets him easily pinning him down.

Are you finished?" Hannibal breathed out, trying to catch his breath.

The stranger laughed, spitting blood in his face before answering. "Yeah, though if you're about to force yourself on me I'm gonna bite your face."

Hannibal smiled. Leaning in and licking the stranger's cheek. "You taste devine, stranger."

"Will."

Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, seeing a hardened familiar look in his gaze.

"You've run out of meat as well," Hannibal said, cocking his head slightly.

Will nodded once. "About a month ago."

Hannibal let his arms up, sitting back and letting Will right himself. "I was going to cook you."

Will laughed, throwing his head back and looking so delicious Hannibal had to lick his mouth just thinking about tasting him again.

"You still might."

Hannibal smiled. "That may be true. Give me a reason not to."

Will shook his head, still smiling. "It's not that easy to get into my pants Mister."

"Hannibal."

Will put out his hand and Hannibal took it. "Nice to have a hunting partner." "May we make beautiful death together."

Hannigram AU: Phone Sex Operator

Will Graham is dying. What better way to not think about his cancer than calling a phone sex operator? “Liam” makes him hot, makes him laugh, and eventually tells him his real name is Hannibal. One call turns into twenty, he’s getting sicker, but he’s head first into love.

Hannibal Lecter doesn’t need his phone sex operator job but is amused by it, content to play with people’s desires while messing with their psyches. When Will calls the first time he doesn’t realize he’ll soon start to care about him a little too much and when Will tells him he’s dying he can’t help but feel like he’s losing a part of himself right along with him.

“You know I’m a lost cause,” Will says thickly, coughing into the phone. He closes his eyes and tries not to fall asleep.

Hannibal clutches the phone tightly, hating that he isn’t sitting beside Will right now.

“Let me in, Will.”

Will coughs, closing his eyes. “This isn’t a fairytale, Hannibal. Even though you know what I like to hear, that doesn’t mean…”

“I love you,” Hannibal says softly, closing his eyes against the emotion.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Will whispers, tears in his eyes, “In a few weeks there isn’t going to be a me for you to love.”

“That doesn’t mean I still won’t.”

Hannigram AU: The Gambler & The Black Jack Dealer

Will Graham knows nothing about cards. Nothing. He works at a casino because he lives in Las Vegas and it was just the easiest place to find a job. He deals out cards nightly to high rollers and desperate people on their last few chips, struggling to make something out of nothing. The day shift is always the quietest, no one yells at him when they lose and if he's lucky to get a chip thrown his way he considers it a good working day.

Then they put him on the night shift. The night shift is full of assholes and guys and girls throwing their weight around, trying to flirt their way into Will's pants. He ignores them all until he meets Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal appears in a dramatic fashion, stopping a rather ardent admirer who won't stop saying rather nasty things to Will in between hands and actually goes to lean across the table when a hand appears out of nowhere, pulling the asshole down and growling, "Leave."

The man runs off, leaving his chips and when Will sees his savior he blushes. The man is dressed rather casually but exudes power, he doesn't have to show off his reach but he could. Will knows he could.

"Are you all right?"

Will nods and the stranger sits, several of the other people at the table looking at him. He takes the man's chips and pushes them to Will.

"I believe he left you a tip," the stranger said smiling.

Will took them and mumbled a thank you, dealing out the cards and trying not to stare at his apparent protector.

After an hour goes by and the man is the only one at the table who never leaves and also never loses, Will waits till they are alone to speak.

"Thank you for earlier, I get that a lot but they usually stop when I ignore them."

The man smiles. "No need, Will."

Will blushes at the use of his name, dealing the cards and asking, "Well since you know my name is it weird to ask yours?"

"Hannibal Lecter."

Hannibal. The name suits him, fits him like no other Will could imagine.

"You're on a streak tonight, sir. I've never seen someone win for so long at the same table without being asked to move on."

Hannibal smiles and confesses, "It pays to own the casino in question doesn't it?"

Will's eyes widen. He's worked here this long and never known the name of his boss?

"I apologize sir, I'm sorry you had to…"

Hannibal lays a hand on Will's own and says softly, "Hannibal, you will call me Hannibal and I am not at all sorry. Now I know who needs closer watch."

Will was unsure if he meant Will or the gambler he'd run off.

"Why are you even here?" Will blurts out, making Hannibal laugh.

"I enjoy games of chance, Will. Do you?"

Will shook his head. "I'm not a gambler. Never a reason to take chances like that, not knowing the outcome."

Hannibal moved his hand over Will's, rubbing slowly. Will could feel his blush but didn't move away.

"Let us test that theory, Will," Hannibal purs, "High card wins. If I win you go to dinner with me, if you do I will give you all I have won at your table this evening."

Will let out a breath. "I couldn't take…"

Hannibal squeezes his hand and whisperers, "You can and you will. Deal us in."

Will nods and deals them each one card. Will turns his over. A King. He tries not to feel disappointed and says, "King."

Hannibal stares at his card and says, "A hard card to best."

Will nods and waits for him to turn his. When he does Will has to bite his lip to keep from shouting out loud.

"Ace."

Will smiles and says, "I guess you won, Hannibal."

Hannibal takes his hand to his lips and whispers, "We both did, sweet Will. Let us depart."

Will frowns. "I still have a few hours left in my…"

Someone appears at Will's shoulder to take his place and Will shakes his head, smiling. "Nevermind."

Hannibal does not let go of his hand as they leave the casino floor and Will doesn't think he wants to ever let go of him ever again.

Hannigram AU: Rock Band

Will Graham is lead guitarist of the biggest band in the US. Empathy is hotter than anything right now, mostly thanks to its charismatic lead singer Hannibal Lecter who Will has been in love with since he first laid eyes on him two years ago. He knows there's no way Hannibal would want anything more to do with him than being band members. He's seen him dragging groupies into his trailer after concerts and knows his type. It's not Will.

Hannibal Lecter loves singing. The roar of the crowd, feeling their excitement is addicting and he can't get enough of it. And then there's Will. Will with his smiling eyes and careful not to touch Hannibal in any way, his blush when Hannibal leans against him during a set and he imagines what it would be like to have Will play him with those clever fingers.

"You know, I hear smoking is bad for you," Will remarked, frowning.

Hannibal blew smoke in his face and he coughed, fanning in front of himself. "Fucker."

"I assure you I am always the fucker, Will."

Will blushed and grabbed his book off the table and when he looked at Hannibal it was hard not to notice the eyeliner around his eyes was smudged.

"Your makeup is running," he observed just to see Will's reaction.

Will wiped at his eyes and looked away as he mumbled, "It's all those lights I swear."

Hannibal was disappointed in no blushing response or angry glare so he said, "Maybe you could do me, sometime."

Will's head shot up and he flustered as he gasped out, "What? I don't…you..?"

Hannibal laughed. "I was referring to the eyeliner Will, but if you're offering…"

Will's blush was exquisite, Hannibal wanted to know how far down it ran.

"I don't like being teased," he mumbled, turning on his heel and nearly running for the door.

Hannibal jumped up and ran after him, grabbing the back of Will's shirt and turning him around pressing him against the door. Will had tears in his eyes and Hannibal reached up to touch them.

"I had no idea, I apologize for waiting so long," he whispered.

Will sighed, looking lost. "For what?"

"This," Hannibal purred, kissing him.

Hannigram AU: Patients in a Psychiatric Hospital

Will Graham killed his neighbor six weeks ago. He used his hands, strangling the life out of him as the monster struggled, clawing at Will's hands but finding no way to pull him off. He was a monster, Will could see the truth in his gaze though he had no way to prove it. He was eighteen years old and about to spend the rest of his life in a psychiatric hospital.

Hannibal Lecter is the most famous serial killer in the world. He gets letters from admirers, gets articles written about him in psychiatric journals and has guards that follow him because of the danger he presents to the other inmates though he hasn't killed anyone in months.

When Will and Hannibal meet they see right through each other, not until Will attacks a guard who tried to touch him inappropriately biting his nose off completely spitting it across the room which Hannibal then picks up to eat raw in front of him. Their shared look sparks an interest between them.

The letter comes in a fancy envelope, the pristine way Will's name is written makes him know immediately who it's from though the fact that they're both in solitary confinement after the biting incident makes it strange.

How had Hannibal gotten a pencil in confinement let alone got a guard to deliver it?

The letter read:

Dearest Will,

We have never spoken but after today as I watched you tear into that abominable guard's face I wanted nothing more than to lick the remains from your tongue you beautiful creature. Did you taste his fear? Revel in it? I would love to know of how you killed your neighbor so brutally as my guard tells me. Please let me know your mind. I promise not to twist it too madly, though I suspect it is already quite twisted.

Yours, Hannibal

They spent a week away from the others, being punished for their insolence though Will learned so much of his new pen pal during that week. Hannibal spoke of death like it was inevitable, a privilege to be given to others by his hand and Will felt the truth of his words deeply.

When they were let out and saw each other the first time, Hannibal covered in his mask as he was led around to a lonely chair forbidden to be near. Will hummed in anticipation before he shot off, running at him and ripping the mask from his face and crushing their mouths together. He was yanked from Hannibal's arms and dragged off though he was able to hear Hannibal's, "You are just as sweet as I imagined," as they led him away.

That alone was worth another week alone, though he knew there would be letters to greet him as he waited.

Hannigram & Spacedogs AU: Reincarnation

Adam Raki has had dreams about the same thing since he was nine years old. He dreams of death, love, and heartache between a young country doctor named Will and his gangster lover Hannibal. Hannibal makes a mistake and dies in Will's arms, dreams that when they appear would wake Adam up in tears his throat hoarse from screaming.

When he's seventeen he has his first dream about Nigel. He dreams of stolen kisses and whispered promises, of protection the likes of which he has never known. Until he begins to dream of Nigel alone in an ally, shot in the back by an unknown killer. The first time he dreams of Nigel's death Adam tries to tell himself it's not real. It can't be real.

Then he sees Nigel on the street, eating lunch in the middle of a heated argument as he kicks someone's chair over. Adam runs, breathless and confused, "You're Nigel," he says once he's standing close enough to be heard.

Nigel turns and glares at him. "Who the fuck are you?"

"The probability of you being real was very low, I am going to have to rethink this now."

Nigel and his friends all laugh and Adam feels foolish. "Okay professor, you going to tell me how the fuck," Nigel stalks to him and grabs at Adam's sweater pulling him, "You know my name?"

Adam is terrified but determined, itching to run but unable to move. "I've seen you in my dreams."

Nigel stares at him hard for a second before he begins to laugh, letting Adam go. "Okay fucker, fucking move on I have better shit to deal with than whatever the fuck this is."

Adam straightens his shirt and vest, declaring, "I came to warn you, you need to…"

Nigel puts his hand over Adam's mouth and he freezes, thinking of a million different things that could be on his hand. "Shut your mouth before I shut it for you."

He calls out to his crew, "Let's go," and they all start for the car.

Nigel lets go of Adam and says, "You're a weird one, little one, you better not come near me again. I don't know what the fucking hell you're playing at but I am not in the…"

"You're going to die, I have to save you."

Nigel falters for a brief moment taking him in before he shakes his head. "No one is gonna be able to save me, little one. No one."

Adam watches him go determined more than ever to prove him wrong.

Hannigram AU: The Hitchhiking Omega

Will Graham is terrified. He just successfully escaped his abusive alpha mate by knocking him out with a frying pan but he knows that Matt will catch up with him if he doesn't get a ride again soon. The last alpha who picked him up he had to run away from but he's desperate. When the police car pulls up alongside him he is shocked to see the familiar face of Hannibal Lecter, escaped serial killer.

Hannibal just successfully escaped the facility where he had been jailed the past three years. When he spots an obvious omega in distress on the side of the road he can't help but pull over. He can sense the omega's alpha is coming closer and talks him into the car despite obviously being recognized. He offers a ride to the next town and learns the omega's name is Will Graham and he is recently pregnant.

Hannibal pulls over, waiting for Matt to come to him. After Hannibal kills Will's alpha he offers still to let him go without claiming him, which leaves the omega floored.

Before long Will can't seem to stop himself from wanting the alpha, though Hannibal refuses to take what isn't freely given.

Will reached out his fingers, grazing them along Hannibal's own. The alpha shivered. "Will, don't."

"I know you want me, I can smell it. I…if it's my stomach you don't have to…"

Hannibal reached out and put a hand on his stomach, the slight distend obvious only if you were looking for it. "I find you beautiful beyond compare, the child inside you may not be mine but I would kill anyone who'd even dream of harming you both."

Will whimpered, bringing their hands together and squeezing tightly. "I don't care about anything else than you claiming me."

Hannibal kissed the top of their joined hands and whispered, "You don't know how many I've killed, dear Will."

"I don't care."

Hannibal smiled, bringing him closer by their joined hand and wrapping his arm around his back to pull Will tightly to him. "You'll regret that dearly in the future."

Will kissed him then, both moaning as they finally tasted each other. Pulling back he pressed their foreheads together and declared, "Give me a reason not to."

Hannigram AU: One Night With My Driver

Will Graham has been a high profile lawyer for the last five years. He's always worked late most nights with a very reliable driver to take him home. Until tonight. Tonight he takes a company car and finds the driver to be nothing like he expected.

Hannibal Lecter is broke. He moved to the US long ago after his family's deaths and blew through the money he'd been left sooner than he thought he would. He takes the job driving to make ends meet, mostly picking up spoiled lawyers who don't utter a word to him. Until tonight. Tonight he forgets his uniform, is late, and picks up the most beautiful creature he's ever seen.

"You're staring," comes the voice, startling Hannibal who was in fact staring.

"My apologies."

They drive in relative silence again until his fare says, "They let you drive people around in those clothes?"

Hannibal grits his teeth for a moment before replying, "Not usually, sir. This was a last moment call."

His passenger hums in reply and it's another moment before he asks, "What is it you usually wear? Uniform?"

Hannibal answers smoothly, "Yes, that is the standard."

"'Must get hard to have to deal with stuffed up lawyers like me and have to dress like that."

Hannibal is silent in reply.

"Where is it you're going Mister…?"

"Graham. Will Graham."

"Where do you need to go, Will?"

Will was silent for so long that Hannibal looked back at him again to find the other man staring intently at him.

"Wherever you wanna take me."

Hannibal smiled. "Isn't it a bit late for surprises? Don't you have work in the morning? Or someone to go home to?"

Will frowned. “No. And since I stepped in this car work doesn’t seem to be on my mind at all anymore.”

Hannibal turned his signal on.

“This could get expensive.”

Will bristled in response. “I have more than enough money.”

When he made the turn Hannibal looked back again, his eyes darkening. “I wasn’t talking about the money, dear Will.”

Hannigram AU: Left At The Altar

Will Graham is ready for a vacation. He just got left at the altar by the woman he thought he'd spend the rest of his life with and he sees no reason why he shouldn't go on his honeymoon even if he is alone. When he gets to Maldives he quickly realizes that everything is going to remind him of what he doesn't have & thinks about taking the next flight home. That is until he meets Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal looked at him with a wry grin, holding out his glass. "To lost love," he whispered, his voice a purr down Will's spine.

Will licked his lips and smiled, raising his glass and clinking them together. "To lost love," he echoed, before adding, "And finding love again."

Hannibal's eyes raked him up and down, it was hard to miss his interest.

"Are you looking to fall in love again, Will?"

Will looked away, feeling a telltale blush on his face, "Couldn't hurt to dream."

He took a sip of his drink and was startled when Hannibal grabbed his wrist to keep him from taking another.

"All our dreams can come true, if we have the courage to pursue them," he declared, eyes never leaving Will's own.

Will swallowed. "I'm getting there."

Hannigram AU: Infatuated with the Shut In

Will Graham does not do social situations. He's tried multiple times and it's been quite awkward, usually ends in him saying the wrong thing and he doesn't like people much anyway. Because of this he's known as the quiet one, that poor boy, and on occasion there have been those that call him agoraphobic. Really Will sees no reason to go anywhere when everything he needs can be delivered and he works from a desk at home.

Hannibal Lecter just moved into his new apartment building and is fairly certain there is someone next door, though he has never seen them leave. Better that way, truly, so no one will ask questions when he goes out hunting at night.

It's one such evening he's heading to his doorway when the apartment beside his suddenly opens.

The door was opening, he was not imagining that. There was a mop of curls that peeked out from the doorway, followed by the jingling of what he assumed to be a dog's tags.

"Come on, Winston, I don't have all day."

Hannibal didn't move, just watched as his neighbor and a dog came towards him. He heard his neighbor gasp at seeing him and when they met eyes Hannibal knew he was in love.

"I'm sorry! I didn't–" the neighbor said, a pretty blush deepening his cheeks.

"It's quite all right, though I must admit I thought only I took walks this late."

His neighbor looked at the dog. "Winston needs to go out and I…prefer walking late. Less people," he mumbled,clearly uncomfortable.

Hannibal held out his hand.

"Hannibal Lecter, 4S."

His neighbor stared at his hand too long before saying, "Will Graham."

"I hope to see you again soon, Will," he said pleasantly.

Will looked him in the eye then, smirking slightly. "I doubt it."

Hannibal planned on making sure if it

Hannigram AU: The Vampire's Blood Slave

Will Graham is a blood slave. He was born a slave and assumes he'll die one. When he becomes the slave of a particularly powerful vampire named Hannibal he is at first annoyed a the creature's arrogance, mouthy in his presence, and cannot help but voice his opinions. Strangely enough Hannibal is amused by him and calls on him often. He doesn't touch Will except to feed from him, though eventually Will begs him to.

Hannibal Lecter is in love with his blood slave. He can see his servants eyeing his increasing devotion to his pet and decides to send Will away. He aches for the next fifteen years, looking all over the world for his beloved to no avail. When he wakes up one nightfall to see a grown Will laying on his bed covered in blood he is at once elated and fearful.

"You're..“

Will laughed, throwing his blood soaked neck back and making Hannibal's mouth water. “I'm alive, no thanks to you. Not that you care, not that you even…"

Hannibal went to move but Will put a hand on his chest.

“I've searched for you.“

Will shook his head, looking away. "Too late, vampire. You searched for me too late."

Hannibal growled. "One evening. I waited one evening before I went searching.”

Will's head whipped back and his eyes were wide. “Liar.”

“I've ached for you, beloved. I have not touched another's flesh since I threw you away."

Will whined. "You…"

Hannibal grabbed his hand them, taking a finger and sucking it into his mouth, closing his eyes.

When he felt Will trembling he looked up, delighted to see a familiar look in Will's eyes. The two words he'd longed to hear came out of his beloved's mouth.

"Bite me.”

Hannigram AU: 50 Places to See Before You Die

Will Graham learns he's dying and decides to go on a year long trip to places he's always longed to see. Along the way he meets Hannibal Lecter, who strangely enough is doing the same thing. It doesn't take long before a sudden kinship turns into love.

"You sure about this?" Will asked, looking at their joined hands uncertainly.

Hannibal squeezed their fingers tighter and brought Will's hand to his mouth for a kiss.

"I have never been more sure of anything in my entire life, dear Will. I love you with all of me and no longer wish to deny us."

Will blushed, his smile radiant in Hannibal's eyes. "You're too much for me, you know? I've got a year to live and I feel like finding out I'm dying is the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Hannibal pulled him closer, their hands still together while he used his other to touch Will's face. "Yes, I agree wholeheartedly to almost everything you just said, except I feel like you deserve so much more than me. You deserve everything."

Will kissed him then, unable to do anything else.

Hannigram AU: Trained by the Master

Will Graham walks into the club knowing what it is what he wants but no way to know how to ask for it. He's had failed relationships going the traditional way, always wanting more.

Hannibal Lecter is the most sought after Dom there is, but never takes a sub for more than one night. When he sees Will for the first time he can't help but want him. And once he has him, there is no way he's going to let him go.

"You're looking for a master?"

Will turned and swallowed, not sure if he was supposed to look up or not.

"I…yes?"

A warm chuckle. "Yes or no?"

"Yes. I…"

"Look at me when you speak to me."

Will looked up quickly, finding it hard to do anything but obey. The man in front of him was exactly like he'd dreamed of, exactly what he needed.

"I'm sorry."

"Sir. When you talk to me, you will call me Sir."

Will felt a blush on his cheeks. "Yes, Sir."

Hannigram AU: The Reaper Who Loved A Serial Killer

Will had been a reaper for a millennia. He had seen death in every way imaginable, but he had never seen a creature so beautifully savage, nor had he ever wanted to see one human kill again so badly.

Hannibal had felt a presence watching him at his latest killings, had felt an overwhelming need to show off for his invisible audience. When he finally sees his admirer he can't help but be pleased.

"You're…a savage."

Hannibal turned to take in the man beside him who hadn't taken his eyes off the remains of Hannibal's latest creation since he appeared.

He was very unassuming in his clothing and overall appearance. There was nothing special about him.

Then the man turned to set his gaze on Hannibal at last, smiling warmly and complimenting him, "I've never seen anything so beautiful."

Hannibal blinked, disoriented at the beauty before him. "Neither have I."

Hannigram AU: The Virgin Buys An Escort

Will Graham is a twenty nine year old virgin. He's awkward, shy, hates most people and can barely get a kiss without blurting out people's worst kept secrets. He decides to buy an escort to rid himself of his pesky virgin status and ends up falling in love instead.

Hannibal Lecter is a high priced escort and has been most of his adult life. He enjoys sex, not feelings, so when he meets his new client he's at first amused by him but by the end of their night he's infatuated. He leaves the next morning but cannot resist leaving a note behind along with the money. To his surprise Will runs after him.

"I thought you didn't do feelings," Will said, trying to catch his breath.

Hannibal grabbed him and pulled, making Will drop his bag as they were forced into each other.

"I did not, not until you."

Hannigram AU: Pretend Boyfriend

Will Graham was having the worst night of his life. His boyfriend of six months just dumped him five minutes before he was about to introduce him to his friends for the first time, and he has no choice but to just tell his friends the truth. His was sitting in the bar outside the theater, holding two tickets for Cats of all things when he first met Hannibal Lecter and everything fell into place.

Hannibal hated rudimentary theater. He adored opera, theater was very much beneath him in every sense of the word but when he first saw the vision with red rimmed eyes at the end of the bar they only thing he wanted was to make him smile over and over again.

Will laughed, then paused to stare at Hannibal. “You’d actually do that? Pretend to be my boyfriend all night with my friends? A complete stranger?”

Hannibal took a drink and nodded, setting it down before replying, “I believe we are beginning to be friends, Will. And I always help my friends.”

Will smiled, raising his glass before downing the rest of his drink. He wiped his mouth and said, “We’ve been dating a few months, Matt and I. Or we had been.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand and brought it to his lips, looking up through his lashes as he spoke,“I will do my best to treat you with the utmost care. His loss has been my gain, sweet Will.”

Will blushed and stammered, “Well then, I guess it’s showtime.”

Hannibal kept his hand as he stood, and paid for their drinks as they headed for the door. “Yes, I believe it is.”

Hannigram AU: Meet in an Airport

Will Graham hates flying. When he finally gets up the courage to book the flight to visit his sister in Louisiana it gets delayed, making him have to spend the night in the airport where he meets Hannibal Lecter, who's stuck as well and flying to Lithuania for a long flight in the morning. They spend the night talking and enjoying each other's presence almost too much, kissing unexpectedly before falling asleep in each other's arms. When Will wakes up Hannibal is gone but he leaves a note with a number on it.

Will goes to see his sister and tries to think of anything else but it's hard not to. A week passes and he can't bring himself to call, throwing the number away talking himself into believing there was no future there.

A year later he's in the airport again and is shocked to see Hannibal, looking better than he remembered. Embarrassed and regretful Will hides from him, thankfully getting on his plane quickly. He sits there for a moment and then decides that he'll regret it if he doesn't go after Hannibal. Will runs through the airport and stops him just as he's boarding his plane.

Catching his breath Will said, "I'm sorry."

Hannibal held out a hand and he took it, letting Will lean on him. "For?"

Will looked up, shaking his head. "I should've called, I wanted to but I didn't think that…"

Hannibal reached out and touched his face, sighing. "I waited for two weeks, hoping to hear your voice again. I tried to find Will Grahams in other cities but you never gave me your city of origin and I…grew despondent, convincing myself you were a dream."

"H…"

Hannibal kissed him, pulling them close together and reminding Will of why he'd never truly forgotten their night together.

He pulled back and hugged them close, whispering, "Where are you going?"

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will's forehead and answered, "I have no place I would rather be than right here."

Hannigram AU: Ghosts Haunting the Same House

Hannibal Lecter has been dead for a very long time. He haunts the old Lecter home where his entire family was killed and he was gunned down after taking revenge on their killers many years later.

When the lonely man first begins coming to his abandoned home he ignores him, thinking it strange but the man talks to himself reenacting the murders that took place here with such accuracy that Hannibal cannot help but be intrigued. When one evening he watches the man, Will he's said his name multiple times to himself, hang himself in what was once his own bedroom he can't help but be saddened.

Until several hours later when Will appears in front of him and says, "Oh god you're real, " looking relieved.

Will Graham is running from his demons. He has too many killers in his head, too many crimes and he takes off for parts unknown determined to let his mind rest for a while. When he breaks down outside the old house and goes inside the lingering blood stains call to his gift and he recalls what happened.

He calls AAA and goes home, only to return again and again. Soon he starts to feel like someone is watching him end and it isn't long before he catches sight of someone in the shadows he thinks he's hallucinating. When he finally sees his audience he knows he's officially gone over the edge and commits hangs himself.

When he wakes and sees Hannibal Lecter, someone who has been dead for twenty years, staring back at him he's almost relieved to be a ghost. He's not crazy.

"Hannibal said across from Will, holding a pair of cards in his hand and smirking over them.

"Why did you do it?" he asks, setting down a card.

Will throws in a chip, picking up on the harder aspects of his abilities as a ghost with amazing skill.

"I thought I was going crazy. Guess not," he says, throwing down his hand, "Full house."

Hannibal looks at his own cards and sets them down. "You win again, Will."

Will laughs, "You don't think I know you let me win?"

Hannibal doesn't look up and Will leans across the table, looking at him pointedly. "What are you waiting for? An invitation?"

When Hannibal kisses him it's like a cold breeze blowing between them flowing back and forth for as long as they desire.

So they keep going.

Hannigram AU: Kiss Me At Midnight

Hannibal Lecter is invited to a New Year's Eve Party by one of his colleagues. He plans on making an appearance and leaving, but when he spots the adorably enchanting young waiter he suddenly has a reason to stay.

Will Graham takes a job waiting on rich snobs for New Year's Eve because his friend Bev begs him to work with her and it's not like he has anything else to do. Little did he know that he'd meet someone who would change his entire evening plans, maybe even his life.

Will held onto his anger, smiling politely at the asshole who was currently pawing at his ass.

"Sir, do you need anything to drink?" He asked, as he'd be told to.

The asshole just laughed and squeezed his ass more. "I think not, sweetheart but I think I can give you something to drink if you know what I mean."

Will bit his bottom lip and closed his eyes attempting to count to ten. Before he could an accented voice interrupted them.

"Excuse me, Frederick I believe you're needed over there."

Will opened his eyes to see a beautiful older man, eyes unlike any he'd ever seen before staring at him as the asshole was left them alone.

"Thank you," Will said sincerely, feeling a blush on his cheeks.

The stranger reached over and took a glass of champagne from his tray. "You looked in need of rescue and Frederick never takes no for an answer."

Will nodded. "Yeah he was a little…handsy."

The stranger's eyes darkened as they looked in the direction asshole had taken.

"He'll learn his lesson eventually, it just takes time for some people."

Will sighed. "Tell me about it," he grumbled, looking around the room, "What about you?"

The stranger smiled, amused. "Oh I have never learned my lesson, but I never go where I'm not wanted," his eyes went up and down Will as he spoke making Will blush again.

"I should get back to work," Will said, his eyes never leaving his companion's.

"What is your name?"

Will swallowed again and squeaked out, "Will."

The stranger reached out and brushed his fingers along Will's own as they held the tray. "Hannibal Lecter. It was a pleasure, dear Will."

Will nodded, turning to head back into the crowd. He stopped, turning around and announcing, "I won't be far away, if you need anything."

Hannibal grinned. "Neither will I."

Hannigram AU: Cooking Class

Will hates cooking class. His friend Beverly signed him up for it as a joke since she said the only thing she's seen him cook is on the grill or from a box. He's late to his first class and his teacher seems to hate him, but Bev payed for ten classes and he's going to come to every single one even if it kills him.

Hannibal Lecter teaches cooking classes once a month at the local college to show off his skills and spread them to others, all while maintaining his job as a psychiatrist. When Will Graham walks in nearly half an hour late to class, knocks over someone's dish and breaks four glass bowls all in his first Hannibal immediately decides the rude student will be next on his menu. When he comes back for his third class in a row Hannibal realizes he's not doing it on purpose and decides he's going to help Will cook a meal even if it kills one or both of them in the process.

Will was biting his lip so hard that Hannibal could smell the blood in the air, but he made no comment as he watched his student cut the third carrot in a row to pieces.

"Will."

Will looked up, his eyes and face crestfallen. "I'm horrible at this."

Hannibal reached across to take his hands, taking out another carrot. He directed his hands as they cut it together slowly, the carrot pieces coming out perfectly all the way to the end. He moved around behind Will and took his whole hand, holding it up. "Your hands just aren't used to cutting this closely or this slowly. You want to savor the preparation just as much as you will savor the meal."

He could feel Will had stiffened in front of him, but Hannibal was completely comfortable where he was. "Will?"

"Yes, Dr. Lecter. I…I think I get it?"

Hannibal leaned over his shoulder and smiled, delighted when he could see Will's cheeks were very reddened.

"If you'd like, you can stay after class."

Will swallowed. "I…"

Hannibal leaned in closely and pressed his lips to Will's throat.

"Will."

Will looked over at the two sets of students on either side of him, none of which had noticed them at all.

“Okay?”

“Good boy.”

Hannigram AU: Strangers On A Train

Will takes the same train everyday to work. He stops at the same stop, sits in the same seat, and always has a coffee at the cart on the way into the subway. When he walks into his regular train and sees someone else siting in his seat he's annoyed sitting across from the stranger. When it happens for a full week straight he's resigned to the sticky seat he's stuck with until one morning he steps on and there's two coffees & a note saying: GOOD MORNING.

Hannibal has to start taking the subway when his car breaks, resigning himself to dwelling amongst the disgustingly hellish masses every morning. When he sees the beauty glaring at him from across the subway car he can't help but be intrigued. On a whim he decides to buy the gorgeous young man coffee to see why he keeps glaring his way. After they sit together one morning it turns into a routine with Will that Hannibal can't help but look foreword to every morning.

Will sipped his caramel macchiato slowly, his eyes closed in enjoyment. Hannibal couldn't help but wonder if that was the same expression he'd make during sex.

"…and she says that I need to get out more. Like I don't take Winston for a walk every night."

Hannibal blinked, realizing he'd zoned out again staring at Will's mouth.

"Hannibal? You okay?"

Hannibal took a sip of his own regular coffee, trying to think of what he wanted to say next.

"Will, are you busy this evening?"

Will cocked his head slightly, looking amused. "I just told you, I take Winston out every night I don't need you to be dragging me out too."

Hannibal sighed, "I see."

Will frowned. "Wait, are you really asking me out?"

Hannibal felt his own embarrassment spreading on his face. "Disregard my blunder, pretend it never…"

He was cut off from finishing with Will's mouth covering his own. When they pulled apart Will was smiling more brightly than he'd ever seen him before.

"Took you long enough. I was starting to think you weren't…"

Hannibal took Will's hand and squeezed it in his own. "I very much am."

Will blushed and it was like the most beautiful art he'd ever laid eyes on.

Hannigram AU: The Halloween Babysitter Massacre

Hannibal Lecter is a man on a mission. He's murdered many people this Halloween night, none of them deserved life and he was the one who needed to take it away. He heads toward another house with a light on, covered in blood from head to toe and ready for his next victims, but before he can stalk through to the back door the front one opens. What he sees before him is a vision of curls and a bright smile.

Will Graham is stuck watching his little brother tonight while his parents are out at a party. He's twenty one for fucks sake, he deserved a night out on Halloween too but his parents insisted. He's just put little Francis to bed when he spots a man coming towards his door. When he opens it he immediately smiles and calls out, "Nice costume!"

The stranger looks down at himself and seems surprised at the compliment. He's carrying a set of fake bloody knives and he looks tired.

"You okay?"

The stranger shakes his head.

"I have been…reckless tonight."

Will frowns. He really shouldn't but who knows what could happen to this guy if he walks home like this?

"Wanna come in for coffee?"

The stranger comes closer to him and puts one of his knives into a hand before holding out his other.

"Hannibal."

Will took his hand, the fake blood just drying but still wet enough for him to feel it. "Will."

"I think I will take you up on that offer, if you're still inclined."

Will smiled. "Sure. As long as you keep quiet, my little brother is asleep upstairs."

Hannibal nodded once and came through the door, taking in the environment around him. He heard the door close and Will said, "You just get out of a Halloween party?"

Hannibal smirked over his shoulder.

"Several."

Hannigram : The New Neighbor AU

Life sucks when you're the strange one, the quiet one. That's Will Graham's current life. He runs home every day to get as far from the bullies as he can but doesn't always miss them. One such bad day he comes home after trying to clean himself up in the gas station bathroom so his father doesn't see and a car pulls over. The windows are tinted and the smiling face that appears is someone he has never seen before. His name is Hannibal and he's Will's new neighbor. Hannibal offers him a ride and he thinks on it for a moment before accepting. This happens every time after that, and eventually Hannibal gets him to tell about his bullies.

The next morning two of them don't come to school.

Then all of them.

Will sees Hannibal often after that, mostly late at night. The longer they spend together the more Will realizes things are different about Hannibal. He doesn't tell him he knows, but starts to bring up other people he thinks Hannibal should go after up in their conversations.

They all disappear too.

Will fights with himself before finally breaking his silence.

"You know, Mr. Pearson didn't come to school today. We had a sub," he says casually, biting into his hamburger.

Hannibal doesn't eat when they go out, it took him too long to notice.

"You must have then had a very productive algebra class," Hannibal jokes with a grin.

Will smiles. "Yeah. The sub was nice," he sighs, "But I just…I know. That you got him. You know?"

Hannibal pauses, his eyes going dark and looking far more dangerous than he ever has before. "Do you?"

"I won't tell," Will promises, swallowing, "I just…I wanted you to know that I know. You know?"

Hannibal's eyes fade back into their natural look, and he reaches out to take Will's hand in his. "You will protect me, William?"

Will nods, "Yeah, I…you've helped me so much. I just want to help you."

Hannibal takes the hand he's holding and brings it to his lips with a grin.

"You already have, sweet Will."

Will smiled, blushing. "Mr. Lecter…"

“I have told you countless times to call me Hannibal, Will. Please.”

“Hannibal,” Will whispered, “I…I think you’re awesome.”

Hannibal laughed, pulling Will in close and touching his face. “I think you are magnificent as well, Will Graham. I hope to know you for a very long time.”

Hannibal kissed him then, and Will was lost.

Hannigram AU: Man of my Dreams

Will Graham has been having nightmares every night. They started out full of screams and a man chasing him he never could see but as the months go by things change. The man steps out of the shadows wearing a glove full of knives and begins to talk to him. Soon his nightmares he prefers to real life, though he shouldn't get a thrill out of seeing the man kill those defenseless teenagers. Should he?

Hannibal Lecter was killed by angry parents twenty years ago after he murdered some rude teens who in his opinion deserved it. He's going after the next generation now, this town does not deserve anything less after what they did to him. When he stumbles upon Will Graham, the man is not related to his agenda but he cannot help but go into his exquisite nightmares again and again. Soon he brings his kills for Will to watch, knowing there is no one else who can appreciate his design.

Will was breathless, his hands covered in blood and he could feel it on his face. Hannibal smiled, running a finger across his cheek and bringing it to his lips.

"Will, you've pleased me."

Will whimpered, reaching out and Hannibal met him half way bringing Will in for a hug.

"I missed you. You…you stopped coming. I was so alone."

Hannibal ran his fingers through the back of his bloody hair and shushed him, "I'm here now, beloved. I will never let you go again."

Will pulled back and brought their mouths together in a bloody kiss, growling as Hannibal pressed the knife in his hand against the back of his neck.

They pulled apart, breathless and smiling at one another.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Hannibal asked, noting the body on the floor behind them.

Will licked his mouth, nodding, "Can we get another one?"

Hannibal's grin widened. "With you by my side, we'll get them all."

Hannigram AU: American Psycho

Will Graham is in love with his boss. He's Hannibal Lecter's personal assistant and has been for the past eight months. Dr. Lecter is amazingly perfect in every way, always has a beautiful new woman on his arm and never says anything but perfectly polite and cultured things. Not that Will would know, Hannibal doesn't even look up at him when he comes in the room. But Will is always noticing him, and lately he's been looking manic and upset. Yesterday he had red stains that couldn't have been blood on his shirt. Could it?

Hannibal Lecter hates everyone and everything. He is the best and everyone else is beneath him, or like his assistant Will, less than beneath him. When he's out at the club and Frederick Chilton has a better looking business card than his he can't take it. Frederick dies that night. Soon he's losing control and there's no end to the bloodshed in sight. That is until Will asks him one morning, "Is that blood on your shirt?"

He looks down at himself, startled to see that it is.

"I believe so, yes."

Will stands up from his desk, taking out a detergent pen from one of his drawers. He's rubbing the stain when he asks, "Are you okay Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal meets Will's eyes and is startled to see how beautiful the young man is. "I do not believe so, Will."

Will frowns, continuing to dab at the stain, "I think you're doing too much, you know. You need to think before you act. There are only so many things you can do in a day."

Hannibal smiles, and Will starts, dropping the pen. He goes to pick it up when Hannibal stops him, grabbing Will's arm before he can. He brings it to his lips and asks, "Are you busy this evening, Will?"

Will blushes. "Me? I'm…no I'm not ever busy."

Hannibal delights in the blush and hopes to see more of it before he kills him.

"I would like to invite you to dinner. I have many things I would like to talk to you about."

Will looks up, meeting his eyes. "Is it about why you have blood on your shirt?"

Hannibal's eyes darken. "Possibly."

"Dr. Chilton was a horrible man, I'm glad he's gone," Will says seemingly out of nowhere.

Hannibal laughs, delighted. "You surprise me, Will."

Will's blush is deeper by the minute but he doesn't look away. "I hope that's a good thing."

Hannibal lets go of his hand and brings his lips to Will's cheek for a kiss.

"That is the best thing."

Maybe Will does not have to die after all.

Hannigram AU: A Date With The Devil

Will Graham has had nothing but bad luck with dates. He gets stood up, left after an hour or the dates get canceled before they begin. When he gets matched with Hannibal on a dating site at first he's fairly positive he never signed up in the first place and two how the hell are they compatible? After an hour into their date he's pretty sure Hannibal isn't who he says he is. After two he's not even sure he's still in Baltimore?

Hannibal has been alone for a VERY long time. Millennia, eons, he has never been in search of a partner until he is looking at lost souls one evening and comes upon Will Graham. The darkness that calls out to him is exquisite, he craves it so much he can taste it on his tongue. It's fairly easy to conjure up a meeting and after four minutes he knows he will not be letting Will leave.

"You know,"Will began, smiling sweetly, "I'm not even sure how this came about. I never signed up for that site."

Hannibal held Will's hands in his, bringing them to his lips before he purred, "Do you regret whatever brought us together?"

Will shook his head, still smiling. "Though I would like some answers."

Hannibal frowned, but nodded. "You are owed them, I will start with yes you did not sign up for that website. I put you there."

Will nodded once, not letting go still. "How?"

Hannibal looked to their left and saw a waiter standing close by. He blinked and the man went up in flames. No one around them even batted an eye, and Will's pulse was racing. He still did not let go of Hannibal's hands.

"You did that."

"Yes. I can do more, if I or you desire."

Will swallowed once and shook his head. "I just…who are you?" He looked down at their hands and back at Hannibal, "What are you?"

Hannibal kissed Will's hands again and whispered, "I am called many names, though you know me best by the moniker, Devil."

Will laughed, throwing his head back and shaking his head. "You can't…that's…" He looked at the man who was still writhing in agony, and then back at Hannibal. "What do you want with me?"

Hannibal let go of their hands and brought one to Will's face, declaring, "I would have you by my side."

Will blushed, his eyes wide. “Why?”

“I want no one else.”

Will looked around the restaurant, saw decadence and arrogance that he’d hated from the minute he’d walked inside. “What else can you do?”

Hannibal’s hand moved to Will’s lips and he sighed. “Is that all I can woo you with? Powers?”

Will licked his lip and in turn, Hannibal’s hand. “I’m pretty sure I was wooed about ten minutes in. Now I just want you to show off.”

Hannibal laughed, standing up and coming to Will’s side. He got down on one knee and held out his hand. “Will you come with me?”

Will didn’t even hesitate. “Yes.”

Hannigram AU: The Monster Under My Bed

Hannibal Lecter is not afraid of anything. He has fought real monsters and seen more death than most can imagine. When he hears the news of people disappearing from their beds at night he takes it in stride, going to sleep every evening wondering if there's a killer on the loose better at keeping to the shadows than he is.

When Hannibal walks in on the bedroom killer he is surprised and intrigued. His red eyes are beautiful, his teeth are bloody and his visage is that of a fallen angel. Hannibal gets so entranced that when the monster attacks him he's brought down.

Will is a monster. He was born one, though he does not look like them he craves blood and flesh though because no one wants to be near the "freak" he hunts alone without guidance.

He's never wanted a hunting partner. Not until Hannibal.

"I'm a monster, you're supposed to be scared of me."

Hannibal smiled, crossing his legs and declaring, "Nothing frightens me. Tell me your name. I am Hannibal Lecter."

Will scowled. "That's a stupid name. Your parents must not have liked you very much."

His rudeness seemed to amuse Hannibal. "Did yours?"

Will looked at the dead body between them. "My father loved me. My mother was a human, she…did not appreciate my father. Or me."

Hannibal looked down at the body. "What do you do with them?"

"There's a place…I take it home and throw it away," Will explained unsure of why he wanted to.

"Would you let me cook it for you?" Hannibal asked.

Will frowned. "Why would you want to help me eat another human?"

"I was hoping you would share."

Hannigram AU: The Little Vampire & The Big Bad Wolf

Hannibal Lecter has never been a social being. He has spent nearly all of his adult life alone, his werewolf status a stigma that he has never embraced like his other brethren since he lost his entire family because they were werewolves. He feeds on wild animals and that suits him just fine. Until one evening he's in his wolf form when he smells blood. Fresh blood. When he comes upon the source he's surprised at what he sees.

Will Graham is alone. No one wants him, he isn't like the other vampires who want to have elaborate parties and feed on blushing humans. Will is afraid of the overwhelming feeling he gets when feeding. Animals are easier to feed from, he doesn't feel what they feel. He runs away from his family and lives off the wild but after a week he's starving. When he attacks the deer he's ravenous and tears into it, savoring the blood until he smells the wolf.

Hannibal doesn't want a mouth to feed, doesn't need company but once he has Will in his sights he can't seen to want to leave him alone. Not that he's going to tell him that.

"I just…I get so hungry when it's from a person, I want to listen to their heart stop."

Hannibal regarded him thoughtfully before asking, "Is that against vampire rules? No killing?"

"Vampires are supposed to be sexual beautiful beings. Not monsters. Humans would not invite a monster into their home," Will mumbled, not meeting his eyes.

Hannibal put his fingers under Will's chin and made him look. "You are beautiful, sweet Will. I have been mesmerized since our first encounter," he confessed, making Will's cheeks redden.

"You told me you didn't care if I died the night we met," Will remembered frowning, "You…"

Hannibal pulled them closer together their lips just inches apart. He touched Will's lips with his fingertips, delighting in seeing his fangs appear.

"I lied," he offered, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss.

Will moaned, pulling him closer and growling when Hannibal pulled them apart. "More," he begged, reaching for Hannibal again.

Hannibal smiled. "Not yet little one, first I want to tell you that the humans don't need to invite me into their homes. I can get you all the blood you need."

Will's eyes darkened as he smiled. "We can share?"

Hannibal nodded once and held out his arm to Will. "For now, please take what you need. Taste me."

Will leapt at him, pushing him down and biting hard into his arm. Hannibal groaned, throwing his head back as he pet Will's head with his free hand.

"My beautiful boy, what chaos we will bring," he purred, making Will look up and smile with a blood stained mouth.

"Kiss me?" Will asked.

Hannibal did just that.

Hannigram AU: The Psychic & The Unruly Ghost

Will Graham hates being a psychic. He never advertises his abilities to anyone but that doesn't stop the ghosts from bothering him. They come at all hours of the night, telling him they need to talk to their loved ones and he easily ignores them for years. Until Hannibal Lecter just won't shut up.

Hannibal dies unexpectedly in a crash on his motorcycle and doesn't go anywhere. It isn't until he's bothering dogs in the park when he realizes the adorable guy glaring is actually glaring at him. He can see him. From then on he follows Will everywhere, constantly taking up his attention and keeping all the other ghosts away.

Eventually Will talks back, and Hannibal can't help but fall in love. When it's time to move on, he can't bring himself to leave Will behind.

Will shook his head, sighing and refusing to turn around. "I don't give a fuck about you. I never did. Just leave me alone. I was fine before you and I'll be…"

Hannibal laughed, taking a puff of the cigarette he never had to relight and spitting out, "Bullshit. Look at me Will."

Will kept his back to him and said, "Just go. They're waiting for you. Your mom, dad, Mischa."

Hannibal felt a pain in his nonexistent chest about Mischa. "I'm not leaving."

Will turned, tears on his face as he cried, "Please! I can't…"

Hannibal longed to reach out and touch him, begged his form to allow him just that small miracle as he reached out only for his fingers to go right through Will's face.

"I love you."

Will nodded, shaking as he whispered, "I don't want you to go."

Hannibal smiled. "Then why are you crying? I'll stay till you're ready to leave and walk you into heaven myself, beautiful."

Will laughed, reaching for his hand surprised when he felt a touch there. They both gasped out loud, feeling each other's touch for the very first time.

Hannibal held his hand tightly and brought Will's hand to his lips. "I guess I'm staying."

Hannigram AU: The Stripper (Hannibal)

The dancer was flexible, rolling around and around thrusting out his hips and smirking when he spotted eyes on him. He seemed to enjoy the attention more than anyone that had been up on stage so far, seeming to throw his head back when the screams got louder though when he lifted his eyes it was obvious that he hated everyone in the room.

Will sipped his drink and tried not to let his attention show, though he knew with Beverly it would be obvious even without him saying a word.

“Drag your jaw off the floor, Graham I think Mr. Sexy and Intimidating might eat you alive if he comes within two feet of you,” Bev joked, making Will blush and look away.

“I wasn’t…”

Beverly laughed. “Oh yeah right. Hell I brought you here to have fun I just didn’t think you’d go for Hannibal the Cannibal.”

Will looked at her. “What?”

She laughed. “That’s what they all call him around here. He has a reputation for chewing people up and sometimes he swallows,” she joked, winking.

Will looked back again. “Hannibal.”

Hannibal was still dancing, going back and forth downstage stopping to get his gstring filled with dollars. When he locked eyes with Will and winked, thrusting out his hips Will asked, “Where’d you hear that? About him?”

“I come here all the time, he’s apparently very picky about who he beds though. My friend Ricky tried to pick him up after a set one night and he doesn’t even come around here anymore. He’s pretty picky about who he gives private shows to I hear…”

Will heard one of the rest of her sentence because Hannibal apparently was finished with his set, throwing his head back and stopping, his muscles glistening under the lights.

“Let’s here it for our house favorite Hannibal!”

The applause was loud and obnoxious. Will watched Hannibal hop off the stage and was shocked when he started walking straight for him.

“Oh wow,” Bev mumbled, “Will I think…”

When he stopped at their table, smiling all sweaty and asked, “Did you enjoy the show, sir?”

Will swallowed, nodding.

Hannibal's grin widened and he leaned over to whisper in Will's ear, "You're welcome to ask for a private dance," be vote walking off.

"Oh my god, Will! What'd he say?"

Will laughed nervously. "I guess I'm asking for a private dance."

Beverly burst out laughing. "Oh my god, go go!"

Will barely made it out of the booth, heading towards the ATM.

Hannigram AU: The Truck Driver and the Serial Killer

Hannibal Lecter was tired. He'd just driven several miles from his home chasing down a particularly scathing detractor of his current articles in a very reputable journal and it was nearing morning. His body craved caffeine and against his natural protests he decided to pull into the parking lot of a run down diner where only one other vehicle, a semi truck that had seen better days, was parked.

When he walked inside and was hit with the horrid smell of cheap cologne, cigarettes, and stale food, he smelled a hint of something wonderfully sweet. He looked up and saw a vision hunched over a table all alone.

Will Graham was tired. He'd been driving all night, he had another couple hours till hit hit the first decent hotel he could stop at and the coffee he was drinking was horrible even for diner food. Luckily there was no one in the place to hear the puppy in his coat barking, but he couldn't just leave the poor thing out in the cold. When he heard someone ask, "May I?" his first instinct was the bark back, "There are nothing but empty tables here."

"I was meaning the sugar. My table has none."

Will blushed and looked up, shocked at the man in front of him. Not someone he was used to seeing at least not in somewhere like this. "Sorry, it's been a long night."

He grabbed the sugar and went to push it over but the other man's voice stopped him. "Thank you. Though if that was an offer I will gladly take you up on it?"

Will swallowed nervously and nodded. "Sure."

The polished man slid in the booth across from him and poured sugar in his coffee first before reaching across the table to hold out his hand.

"Hannibal Lecter."

"Will Graham," Will offered, shaking his hand before quickly pulling away.

He watched Hannibal take a sip of the coffee and look a minute away from throwing up. Will couldn't help the laugh that came out of him. "Enjoying it as much as I am?"

Hannibal smiled. "I was not curbing my face as well as I had hoped then?"

Will shook his head, still smiling. "Not at all. But it's caffeine, which is why I'm guessing you're here."

Hannibal nodded. "Yes. You are driving that large vehicle outside?"

Will nodded once. "Just took in a load, about to head home for a while."

Hannibal sipped his coffee again and seemed to stop, suddenly setting the cup down. “What was that noise?”

Will blushed, mumbling, “Nothing?”

Hannibal took another sip of his coffee and Will could see he heard the puppy again judging by the smirk on his face. “"I must’ve been mistaken. Though I will remark that small animals should not be kept confined.“

Will mumbled, "He’s in my coat.”

“You have a dog in your clothing.”

Will frowned, his cheeks still red. “I drive that truck outside. The semi. I was unloading when I heard him crying. I couldn’t let him starve.”

Hannibal held out his hand. “May I see it?”

“What, are you a vet?”

Hannibal shook his head. “No. But I used to be a medical doctor. I could check it for injury?”

Will looked over at the woman behind the counter, and knew there was also a cook somewhere in the back. “They’ll kick me out.”

Hannibal reached into his jacket, removing his wallet and taking out a hundred dollar bill that he set on the table. “I believe they won’t.”

Will swallowed and shook his head. “No, you…fine.”

He reached into his coat and took out the small puppy, handing him to Hannibal who was looking at the dog like it was the most important patient he’d ever had. “He seems quite healthy for a stray? Did you just find him now?”

Will nodded. “As I was coming in. He’s probably hungry.”

Hannibal nodded once and called over to the waitress who frowned seeing the barking puppy in Hannibal’s arms before he handed her the hundred. “Can you bring us some water? And milk?”

She ran off quickly and Hannibal was petting he dog as he asked, “Are you able to keep it?”

“I used to have dogs before I started this job. I…had to quit my other one.”

Hannibal handed over the puppy and Will took it, hugging the tiny thing to his chest as Hannibal asked, “May I ask what it was you did?”

“I was a profiler for the FBI.”

Will was surprised at Hannibal's smile. "Really? That sounds like very interesting work, Will."

Will shrugged, feeling that old dark feeling just talking about his old job. He pushed it down and mumbled, "It's not really, just dead bodies and crime scenes."

"Hmmm."

Will sipped his coffee again and the waitress returned, handing them the milk and waiter. He put the dog down and tried to feet it by finger, surprised the dog was taking it.

"I imagine you saw very many things in your life that you did not want to see any longer."

Will nodded. "Yeah."

"You have seen a psychiatrist? Or did running away from your problems help as you thought it would?"

Will glared at him. "You're a shrink."

Hannibal smiled. "Guilty."

"I should've known with that suit."

Hannibal cocked his head slightly as he asked, "Where are you from, Will Graham?"

Will said softly, "Virginia, near Wolf Trap."

Hannibal grinned. "What a happy coincidence, so am I."

Hannigram AU: Modern Day Greek Gods

He walked around without anything but hate in his heart. There was no need to remember surging love or undying passion. He remembered seeing his wife in the arms of his greatest enemy, his brother, someone he'd made armor and weapons for. He wasn't the most handsome, but she'd been his.

War was his accessory but envy, envy was his heart. He fought with everything he had, pushed nations into long wars that lasted years but all he could remember was her touch on something he wanted. Ached for, but would not voice. Even if he saw nothing but hate in Haphaestus's eyes at least he could gain something.

He could feel eyes on him and sighed, walking out of his workshop and walking towards the park.

"You feel the need to stalk me everyday for a reason?"

He could hear the answering laugh and Ares's whispered, "What a very common name. Will."

Will glared at him. "What are you going by these days?"

Ares bowed and said, "Hannibal Lecter at your service."

Will scoffed, pushing past him as he crossed the garden. "Because naming yourself Hannibal isn't at all noticeable or strange. Same old Ares, always looking for attention."

"While you seem content to go without any attention at all," Hannibal sighed, keeping up with him as he sped up.

Will sat down on a park bench and pulled out a sketchbook, starting to draw. "What do you want?"

"Aphrodite speaks of you."

"Tell my once wife she can stay with whoever she is currently housing as a lover. I do not need her."

Hannibal sat down beside him and watched as he sketched. "I do not think she will be happy to be rejected."

Will glared at him. "That makes two of us."

Hannibal licked his lips and said, "I am not being entirely truthful."

Will laughed loud enough for a few people to look at them. "Not all that uncommon for you, is it?"

Hannibal looked down at his hands and studied them as he confessed, “I have missed your face.”

Will blushed, looking at his book again and feigning drawing. “You can look at me all you like.”

“I never wanted her, only wanted to keep her from you.”

Haphaestus’s head snapped up and he shook his head. “How dare you even talk to me about this? Haven’t I suffered enough? I could kill you now and not suffer even an ounce of remorse at the loss.”

Ares, now Hannibal, nodded once and stood. “When I felt your presence on this plain I was overjoyed that you lived again, brother. I will no longer bother you with my presence.”

He turned to leave and Will stopped him calling out, “I do not forgive or forget so easily!”

Hannibal didn’t turn back to see the longing in Will’s eyes.

Hannigram AU: The Doctor's Vampire Patient

Hannibal Lecter has lived in a small town nearly half his life, he's always remained one of the kindest and gentlest doctors in town treating kids and adults. When he sees the young man on the street he immediately runs over to examine him, seeing how deathly pale and sickly he looks Hannibal brings the young man back to his home for treatment. When he wakes up to find his guest standing over him with red eyes and whispering, "So hungry," he's not sure whether to scream or take him into his arms.

Will Graham is lost. He's the last of his kind as far as he's aware, and he is in an unknown area. He doesn't trust anyone but a diet of rats and cats eventually takes its toll and he collapses in the street. When he wakes up and hears a warm heartbeat he immediately follows the sound and fights against instinct not to attack. The human looks so inviting, he smiled at Will and asked, "My name is Hannibal. What do you need?"

Will whimpered, biting into his bottom lip and tasting his own blood.

Hannibal reached out and pulled his teeth away from his lip and asked, "Your name?"

"Will."

Hannibal's smile softened. "What do you need Will? Are you hungry?"

Will whimpered and nodded, "So hungry. I can hear it flowing inside of you."

Hannibal looked at him, taking in his red eyes and his trembling lip as he stared at Hannibal's neck. "You're a vampire? You need my blood?"

Will's eyes go dark at the word and he nodded.

Hannibal held out his arm and asked, "Will it hurt?"

Will felt tears run down his face as he whispered, "Not unless I want it to."

Hannibal nodded once and offered, "Then take what you need Will. Please."

When he bits and heard the moan coming from Hannibal, Will growled and sucked harder.

Jesus, you…you were right about not," Hannibal moaned again, "Hurting me."

When felt the ache had passed Will stopped, licking his mouth as the looked up at Hannibal. "Thank you."

He can see an answering call in his savior's eyes, it sang to every part of Will's body. Hannibal swallow and nodded.

"You are very welcome," he answered, before adding, "Can you tell me something else?"

Will sat on the bed and looked at his feet, mumbling, “I can try, I don’t…”

“Are you the only one?”

Will looked up, surprised at the question.

“Yes. My parents and my coven died a long time ago.”

Hannibal looked fascinated. Will has never fascinated anyone before. Seduced, attracted, yes. No one has ever been interested in him. Just him.

“Years?”

Will nodded, “I’m going to be one hundred soon.”

Hannibal came closer, his eyes wide and breathing labored. “How have you gotten blood this whole time?”

Will felt his shame wrench up inside him as he whispered, “I’ve…killed. Animals and… humans.”

Hannibal licked his lips as he asked, “One kind more than the other?”

Will looked up and saw the hunger in Hannibal’s eyes. “Yes.”

Hannibal touched his face then, running fingers along Will’s lip. Will can smell the blood on his arm and craved more but will not ask. “What was it like?” Hannibal asked, his voice hoarse, “To tear into them with these teeth?”

Will licked Hannibal’s finger before he answered, “Like coming home.”

Hannibal let out a breath and laughed nervously. “I should be afraid for my life, shouldn’t I?”

Will smiled and shook his head. “I only kill the bad ones. I know a monster when I see one.”

Hannibal took his hand away and Will held back a whimper at the loss.

“You shouldn’t trust someone you only just met, Will,” Hannibal said softly, looking away.

Will suddenly pushed him down, holding Hannibal tightly to the bed. He leaned in and whispered right into his ear, “Neither should you.”

okay I know I’m being selfish but fuck I’m calling dibs on this too. If I don’t write ten pages of this tonight I’m probably dead

Hannigram AU: The Stripper (Will)

Will Graham has a dilemma. His friend Francis is sick and needs someone to fill in stripping at a bachelor party for him. It's one night and he promised big money. Will just finally got hired at the magazine he'd been hoping to write for and quit stripping just a few weeks ago. He's not really eager to go back but it's good money what could one night hurt?

Hannibal Lecter is stuck at his colleague Frederick's and his fiancé's bachelor party and Hannibal is not very friendly with either man but he goes for appearance's sake. He stays at the bar most of the time, their rivalry is not his own. He is nursing a glass of wine when a vision of loveliness orders a beer beside him. He's thunderstruck unable to do more than stare as the beautiful man leaves.

Ten minutes later he watches the same man take off his clothing to music, stuffing a twenty in the man's g-string before he departs.

To his delight and shock the same man walks into his office two days later because he is apparently one of Hannibal's new staff writers.

His name is Will Graham.

"You never, you've never said anything. I kept waiting all day and you…"

Hannibal held Will's story in his hand, looking up to smile as he spoke.

"I thought it more polite not to. What you do in your spare time is no business of mine."

Will blushed, looking down at his shoes.

"Thanks, I guess. It was just…a friend needed help I filled in."

Hannibal looked at the paper again, feigning indifference while the entire conversation was making him hard just remembering Will's dance.

You're very talented." Will was quiet and Hannibal frowned, looking up. "You are."

Will looked up, still red cheeked as he smiled and said, "I was never a favorite, too wobbly I think? But thanks for lying."

Hannibal's eyes darkened.

"You are. I have never seen such elegance, such movement."

Will smiled widely, his face so bright that Hannibal felt like the sun was shining on him. "Thank you, Mr. Lecter."

"Hannibal."

Will nodded once. “Hannibal,” he repeated, “No one has ever complimented my dancing before. I never even had anyone ask for private dances, which is like…”

“Their immense loss. I know had I been offered the privilege there would be no stopping me,” Hannibal confessed, all pretense of reading forgotten.

Will swallowed, licking his lips before he offered, “I could you know.”

Hannibal felt his heart hammering in his chest. “You could…?”

Will’s blush was less pinkened now, and his gaze was straight into Hannibal’s eyes. “Dance for you.”

Hannibal licks his lips and whispered, “I’m sure it’s not appropriate, we…”

“I won’t tell if you won’t. We can, uh, have a business dinner. Before,” Will mumbled, looking away again.

Hannibal smiled. “Are you asking me on a date, Will?”

Will looked at him shyly. “Are you saying yes?”

Hannibal nodded and added, “I would love to. I will cook for us, given the dancing that Will take place after dinner is best left in private.”

Will nodded. “It’s a date then. Tonight?”

“Tonight.”

Hannigram AU: The Man Who Loved Halloween

Will Graham is the king of Halloween. Every year he decorates his house elaborately and kids from all over cole to see it. He passes out candy and has movies in his backyard, he's been doing it for years with his father and continued after his father died two years ago. He's always staying away from the hungry eyes of the single parents in the neighborhood since no one has ever caught his eye. Not until Hannibal.

Hannibal Lecter hates Halloween. Despises it. But one evening he's visiting his sister and sees the beautiful man passing out candy across the street he starts to rethink things. He borrows his nephew and visits "Mr. Halloween" and learns his name is Will. He gets perpetually more smitten the more they meet until the lie is too hard to let go of and what if all those warm smiles are just friendship?

"So…Will," Hannibal began, taking a feel breath and letting it out before continuing, "Are you busy tomorrow?"

Will looked at him oddly, still smiling.

"It's Halloween, so yes?"

Hannibal could feel a blush on his face for his stupidity. "I apologize. I was…"

"You could help me pass out candy?" Will offered, looking hopeful.

The breath Hannibal let out was a relief.

"I would be happy to."

Hannigram AU: Black Friday

Will Graham hates crowds. He hates people and he hates going shopping. But what is a man with seven hungry dogs to do but go out on Black Friday to stock up on dog beds, food and toys when he's living on a modest salary?

Hannibal Lecter hates department stores. Hates. But how else is he going to stock up on cleaning supplies for the year? How else is he going to hunt without blowing his cover buying multiple boxes of cleaners if he doesn't go out in the masses?

When he was standing in line waiting for the doors to open he noticed the man in front of him sighing loudly every time the couple in front of him spoke ill of other people in line laughing at their looks or nationalities. After multiple times Hannibal remarked, "Your exasperation is mutual."

The man turned, startled and flushed from the cold or he was blushing Hannibal was unsure. "I just…I can't believe people sometimes. Some people don't deserve their tongues."

Hannibal's heart beat faster at his words. "Yes, I agree with you."

The man smiled and Hannibal swallowed an audible gasp as he held out his hand, "Will Graham."

"Hannibal Lecter," Hannibal said, shaking his hand, "What brings you here today?"

Will looked embarrassed when he admitted, "My dogs. I have seven they eat me out of house and home. You?"

Hannibal was indifferent to dogs, he was sure if Will was part of a package that included them he could learn to endure.

"I own a hotel I need to stock up on cleaning supplies for."

Will's eyes widened. "You came all the way out here for that? I'm assuming you have plenty of money."

Hannibal smiled. "This is how I continue to keep it, Will."

Will laughed, "If I had money this is the last place I'd be."

Hannibal felt the urge to draw closer but kept his distance. It was rare for him to feel so strongly for someone.

"Well thank goodness you do not or we would never have met."

Will smiled, staring down at his shoes. "It's good that I'm poor then," he mumbled.

Hannibal saw someone walking by with hot chocolate and he held out two fingers smiling at the employee and saying, “Let us toast then.”

Will looked up with a grin, taking the styrofoam cup and shaking his head as they hit cups. “Cheers.”

He took a small sip trying not to blanch at the taste before he remarked, “We could help each other.”

Will cocked his head. “How so?”

“I could keep the overzealous shoppers away for you and you for me.”

Will seemed to think it over for a minute before he nodded. “Sounds good to me. You sure you’re up to it? The idle rich usually aren’t very used to shopping combat.”

Hannibal grinned. “I know more than enough to take care of us both. I can be quite deadly when I want to be, Will.”

Will laughed, hitting him in the arm just as they heard a shout go up through the crowd. “Looks like it’s time.”

Hannibal was surprised when Will took his hand and when their eyes met he was blushing. “So you don’t lose me.”

Hannibal brought Will’s hand to his lips and promised, “I can assure you, that will not be a problem.”

Hannigram AU: The Vampire Under The Stairs

Will Graham is a janitor. He has worked at Pemberly University for the last three years and has never been down in the renovated section until he's there late one night and loses a quarter under the stairs, making him flash a light on a very long crate covered in dust. He opens the metal covering and sees the date is 1929, intrigued enough to open it revealing an old wooden coffin. When he gets the lid off and sees the man inside he screams, hurriedly grabbing his cell phone to call 911.

A hand on his arm stops him, and a purring voice says, "May I?" before he feels a sharp pain in his neck followed by an intense pleasure the likes of which he has never imagined.

When he wakes in his bedroom he thinks it must've been a dream until the killings start, he keeps finding marks on his neck, and he begins receiving flowers. Every day a new flower and at night a beautiful man visits him in his dreams talking of how beautiful he is and how perfect he feels.

Will thinks he's going insane until he wakes up from one such dream to find the man still in his bed.

"You're…" Will's shaking, barely able to move as he stares.

The man smiles, reaching over to touch his neck, whispering, "Yes, beautiful Will I am real. The marks on your throat are proof enough of that."

Will looks into his eyes, feeling weightless and needy suddenly reaching for him as the stranger whispers, "Yes darling, let me in," taking Will to him tightly before biting into his neck once more.

Will cries out and clutches to him, begging, "More, more, please."

The stranger pulls his mouth away, smiling down at Will with bloodstained lips. He touches Will's mouth and asks, "Do you wish for more? Truly?"

Will nodded, breathless in his reply, "Yes, I…I don't even know your name but I've never wanted anyone more. What are you doing to me?"

Hannibal licked his lips, still quite bloody as he bit into his own arm holding it up as an offering for Will.

"I'm elevating your greatness, Will. Join me?"

Will groaned, clutching onto his arm and pulling it to his lips, feeling himself growing stronger with each drop he swallowed. When he pulled his mouth away and smiled with newly grown fangs he sighed, "Hannibal."

“Yes, beloved. You can see me fully now.” Hannibal said softly before bringing their lips together in a bruising embrace.

Hannigram AU: The Frequent Donator

Will Graham loves Christmas. He loves helping out charities at Christmas, loves wishing everyone “Happy Holidays” when they put money in his jar as he stands outside the same store everyday. When he gets asked to leave the grocery store he’s frequently stood in front of for years he’s unsure of where to go until he sees a new upper class grocer across the street. When he goes there and sets up he’s surprised by the lack of donations from obviously rich people. He’s ready to call it a day until someone asks, “Have you been out here long?”

He says, “Yeah,” not looking up as several others pass by, “I guess everyone is out of Christmas giving this year,” and sighs loudly.

He hears several coins drop into his bucket and looks up at the handsome man who dropped them. “Now you have some,” he said with a smile, before waking inside.

Will came back everyday for a week and the man was the only one who donated, though once it was counted he’d gotten a thousand dollars off of his Good Samaritan. He was thanked for his hard work and he went back the week after despite the bitter cold.

When someone appeared with a warm cup of coffee he smiled at the man, drinking it as his Samaritan said with a frown, “You should not come out in this weather.”

Will laughed and shrugged it. “I’m fine, I’ve always run a bit warm. Thank you for the coffee, sir.”

“Hannibal.”

“Will.”

They shook hands before his Samaritan went inside and Will smiled through the rest of his time there.

The end of that week as he was packing up, ready to leave, his car died. He sighed, beating at the hood and swearing.

“Car trouble?”

It was Hannibal looking worried. “Yeah it was fine this morning I don’t know what’s wrong.”

Hannibal smiled kindly, “I could give you a ride to the nearest auto mechanic?”

Will smiled in relief. “Thank you so much…“

Will was unsure if he should call him by name even though he had given it?

“Hannibal Lecter,” he purred, holding out his hand, “And you are?”

“Will Graham.”

“May I call you Will?”

Will nodded and asked, “Only if I have free reign to call you Hannibal.”

Hannibal took his hand, peeling off Will’s glove and bringing it to his mouth for a kiss. “I insist.”

Will shivered and it wasn’t entirely from the cold. “I…”

Hannibal kept his hand and walked him towards a very expensive car that Will was almost afraid to get inside of. He opened Will’s door and Will was hit in the face with warmth, falling into the heated seat and closing the door behind himself.

He watched Hannibal stand outside a few minutes before coming in, close the door behind him as he confessed, “I have spoken with AAA and they will be coming to see to your car soon though it may take a few hours.”

Will frowned. “I don’t have…”

“I do, I have informed them that my significant other’s vehicle has stalled.”

“You didn’t have to do that. You…”

Will looked down, feeling the blush rise in his cheeks. Hannibal put a hand under his chin and when their eyes met Will was shocked to see the obvious attraction there. “I am hoping we will become quite significant to each other in the near future, sweet Will.”

Will laughed, shaking his head. “Do lines like that work on most people?”

Hannibal smiled, running his hand along Will’s cheek. “I have never used it before so I am sure you will let me know when it has.”

Will leaned into the touch and nodded, “It has.”

His answering grin was salacious, hungry. “Then I will ask one question of you, Will Graham. Will you do me the honor of accompanying me to dinner?”

Will frowned. He was in his hunting gear since it was the most warm, his wool hat and hadn’t shaved properly in days. He didn’t think the places Hannjbal would do dinner at were happy to cater to those like him. “I’m not…”

Hannibal leaned in closely and said, “At my home.”

Will blushed and said, “Ok,” despite knowing this was stupid and impulsive.

Hannibal said, “Thank you, Will,” turning towards the front windshield starting to back out, “I promise to give you a night you will never forget.”

Will whispered, hoping Hannibal wouldn’t hear, “It already has been.”

Hannigram AU: Dance Lessons

Will Graham has a secret.

He loves to dance.

Always alone, never in tune, but moving to the music is one of the best things in his life. When he sees the sign for Dance Lessons on the bulletin board at the grocery store he takes the number down and stresses for three days over whether or not to call. When he does and makes an appointment for the very next day he stresses some more, telling his coworkers that he's just having a rough week.

He pulls up to a house to his surprise, and knocks on the door unsure if he's in the right place. The man that opens the door smiles at him and says, "Will?"

Will is tongue tied but nods, wondering if this is a good idea even as he's heading inside. His teacher's name is Hannibal Lecter and the man has very expensive taste judging by the decor as he walks by. When they move into a large room with a wood dance floor, the sound of classical music filling his ears Will feels like he made the right decision.

Hannibal Lecter is entranced.

The man who calls sounds so unsure of himself and Hannibal hasn't taught a man in a very long time but he hopes Mr. Graham isn't too terrible, but it's just one session he can handle one session. He does not expect the vision standing in his doorway nor does he expect someone so in tune with music as Will Graham.

One session turns into two, turns into two a week and suddenly it's been a month and Hannibal does not want to let Will go, nor does he plan to. He only has to make Will see how beautiful they can be together off the dance floor.

Will had never felt so safe in someone else's arms before. He clung to Hannibal tightly, pressing his face against the other man's shoulder and when he was dipped he sighed, looking up into the other man's eyes.

"You're getting better," Hannibal purred with a smile.

"Thanks, it's all because of you," Will mumbled as they were righted again, Hannibal turning him and pulling him close as they swayed to music Will could barely hear.

"Is it, Will? A teacher can only teach so much, it's the student that excels. You are an excellent student."

Will blushed, trying to calm his quick beating heart at the compliment. It had been almost a month now since he'd met Hannibal and started learning, and every day he left was harder than the next.

He was in love.

Hannibal swayed them to the music and pulled him back, their lower halves pushed so closely that Will could feel how hard his teacher was. It was a natural reaction Hannibal had said after their first class, moving closely like this would make any man excited.

Will was turned again and dipped, Hannibal pressing close and whispering, “Are you all right, Will?”

Will nodded and they continued to move, Will hoping that this time was easier to leave when their session was over but he knew that was not going to be possible when Hannibal whispered, “You were made for this, Will, I am quite happy that you decided to come here.”

Will clung to him and confessed, “Me too,” feeling the words for more than just the dance. If he’d never come he’d never have met the love of his life. If only Hannibal could feel the same way.

Impossible.

Hannigram AU: A Royal Affair

Prince William Graham is universally loved by all of his people. He's compassionate, demure, and harmless never hurting anyone. No scandals or affairs, he's rather shy in that regard which is why he's somewhat overwhelmed when Prince Hannibal Lecter of Lithuania begins to flirt with him at a gala. The Lecters and the Grahams have no lost love between them and he's very surprised by the attention.

Hannibal invites him to visit his kingdom and they get along well, he stays there for nearly two weeks and ends his last night there consummating the attraction Will has been fighting from giving in to.

He's devastated when pictures he let Hannibal take get leaked online and knows he's been duped. Forlorn and broken-hearted, there's nothing else Will can do but own up to the photos but not name who the man's hand in the photos belongs to.

He loses love with his people and is about to accept a loveless marriage when Hannibal Lecter shows up at his estate desperate to apologize but Will refuses to listen, telling him of his engagement though to his surprise Hannibal pulls out a ring and begs for Will to marry him.

Will refuses.

Hannibal declares war on the his fiancé's people and demands his hand, which Will accepts though refuses to talk to him or even look him in the eye.

"It has been six months since I lasted tasted you," Hannibal said out of nowhere, making Will nearly trip over his own feet.

"Whose fault is that? Not mine. I wouldn't let you touch me if you were the last man on earth."

Hannibal laughed. "You know that I have the power to start a war, I could make that happen. Slowly but eventually I would annihilate everyone on earth if it would make you look at me again, Mylimasis."

Will felt tears in his eyes as he hissed, "Don't call me that if you don't mean it."

Hannibal walked to Will, taking his hand to bring it to his lips.

"I will always mean it, beloved. You are my husband, my love, my life."

Will's lips trembled, "You hurt me so much, you…"

Hannibal touched his lip, sighing.

“Anger over our pasts made me do it, I will prostrate myself at your feet until you forgive me Will. Walk on my knees and beg if need be.”

Will shook his head. “I don’t…”

Hannibal knelt down on his knees in front of him, not letting go and kissing his fingers. “If you tell me you hate me, Will I will leave you now a broken man but I…”

“I wish I did, god I wish I did,” Will sobbed.

Hannibal sighed, rubbing Will’s hand on his cheek as he whispered, “Beloved you have just given me such a gift.”

“I wish I could forgive you now, I’m just not ready.”

Hannibal smiled. “But you Will be?”

Will smiled. “I want to be.”

Hannibal kissed his hand again and declared, “That is enough.”

Hannigram AU: Thanksgiving Dinner

Will Graham was having a problem. He wanted to cook dinner for himself and some work colleagues, but he was more used to quick stuff like burgers and steak. He was walking around the supermarket with a turkey in his cart and several pies, a bag of potatoes and stuffing mix when he crashed into someone else's cart.

He cursed and mumbled, "I'm sorry I…"

"It is quite alright, no harm done."

Will looked up and was surprised to see the man in front of him in this store. There was a gourmet grocery down the street and judging by this man's clothes he was used to the finer things.

"Thanks, I'm just kind of overwhelmed I, nevermind you don't want to hear…"

The stranger pulled his cart up alongside Will's and looked inside.

"Cooking Thanksgiving dinner?"

Will sighed. "Yeah, I volunteered. Lord knows why."

The man smiled, picking up the box of Stovetop Will had. "I could help."

Will blushed when they met eyes, shaking his head. "No it's okay. I'm fine, I'm sure these clumsy hands can fake their way through."

The man came closer and said softly, "I happen to be very good with my hands."

Will laughed, "Does that line actually work with people?"

The man smiled, "I am unsure, does it?"

Will bit his lip, fighting his grin.

"Okay. I'm putting myself in your knowing hands, kind sir."

He extended his hand and said, "Hannibal Lecter."

Will shook it. "Will Graham."

"I am going to enjoy teaching you all that I know, Will," Hannibal purred

Will couldn't stop his laugh. "I think I'm going to enjoy learning your ways, Hannibal."

Hannibal brought Will's hand to his lips and whispered, "Shall we?"

They walked down the grocery aisle, brushing against each other all the way there.

Hannigram AU: Romance at the Christmas Tree Lot

Will Graham is a teacher looking for some extra cash so he gets a job selling trees for the holiday at George's Christmas Trees. It's not exactly his forte, he doesn't like to talk and tends to talk more people out of buying trees than into them. When he sees the immaculately dressed gentleman walking through the lot fingering the pines, he's expecting another non sale. Instead he begins a month long flirtation the likes of which he never expected.

Hannibal Lecter loves Christmas. It reminds him of his lost family, he always celebrates it alone but usually buys a tree to decorate in honor of them. When the new tree lot springs up near his home he goes, expecting to buy a tree and leave. Instead he sees a vision in a horrid hat who is so rude he would normally be on the menu for Christmas dinner, but Hannibal finds himself intrigued by the accurate observations Will is able to glean off of him and finds himself returning the next day to buy a wreath, then another, and another, until he has almost fifteen of them and decides to ask Will to spend Christmas with him.

Will laughed when he saw him coming in, shaking his head.

"Another wreath, Hannibal? Are you selling them on the corner somewhere? I'm starting to think so."

Hannibal smiled, touching one of the trees as he stopped in front of him.

"No, I was coming to see you actually."

Will's pinkened cheeks seemed to darken more and Hannibal hoped just not from the cold. "Oh."

He saw several patrons watching them and asked, "Are you busy tomorrow?"

Will licked his lips, his eyes full of mirth. "It's Christmas Eve."

"Are you?"

Will shook his head. "Just me and my dogs, sitting by the TV possibly watching horrible Christmas movies and eating pizza."

Hannibal had to control his shudder at the possibility of Will's seven dogs coming to his home, but he wanted Will just that badly.

"I would like to invite you all to dinner, at my home."

Will's eyes widened. "With the dogs?"

Hannibal smiled. "Yes, I will make them something suitable unless you have some dietary restrictions that you adhere to?"

Will shook his head. "No, I…ok."

Hannibal took Will's hand, peeling off the glove and bringing it to his lips.

"Until tomorrow."

Will sighed. "Tomorrow, what time?"

Hannibal smiled when Will intertwined their fingers together without thought and squeezed his hand in return. "Seven."

Will smiled. "Now I guess you don't have to buy any more trees or wreaths. Could I interest you in some garland?"

Hannibal laughed. "No, I think I got exactly what I came for."

Will bit his lip, his grin incandescent to Hannibal's eyes as he mumbled, "Glad to be of service, Mr. Lecter. Can I give you something? On the house?"

Hannibal narrowed his eyes, smiling still. "Of course."

When Will pulled on his coat and brought their lips together he was almost surprised, not kissing back until he felt Will's tongue in his mouth and groaned, pulling him closer and tasting what he'd hungered for since he'd walked into the lot weeks before. They pulled apart and Will was smiling, touching his face.

"Happy Holidays, sir. I hope you enjoy your purchase."

Hannibal kissed him again. "I hope so too."

Hannigram AU: Mistletoe Kisses

When he was sixteen years old Will Graham got his first kiss from a strange man in a stranger's home. His parents were in upstairs partying with their friends, the man frowned and asked, "Why are you down here all alone?"

Will looked up and blushed, mumbling, "I always am."

The stranger was older, he'd never seen him before and it was probably a bad idea to stay down here alone with him.

Will didn't move.

"It is Christmas, no one should be alone. Especially young men who should be spending time with other young people. There are several upstairs."

Will scoffed, "Yeah, I'm gonna go hang out with Freddie Lounds and her rumor squad, or Frankie Dolarhyde who looks like he wants to eat me. I'll sit down here, thanks mister."

"Lecter. Hannibal Lecter," the stranger said, holding out his hand.

Will stood up from his seat on the couch, walking to him to shake hands. "Will Graham."

Will moved to let go of him but Hannibal held on, looking above them.

Mistletoe.

Will swallowed, trying to stop his body from trembling but could feel a traitorous blush on his face.

"Um…"

Hannibal stepped forward and leaned in slowly, a hand on Will's cheek as he whispered, "It is tradition," and brought their lips together.

The kiss was soft, slow and when he felt the small slip of Hannibal's tongue he sighed as it was taken away just as quickly.

Hannibal smiled. "Merry Christmas, Will."

Those were the last words he heard from the man. His parents didn't know him, he'd asked after the name and no one seemed to. He tried not to think of it but it was hard to even as the years went by.

Ten years later he was sitting in the middle of his friend Alana's Christmas party, bored out of his skull and trying to politely pull himself away from Matthew Brown who had been attempting to get him to go out for the past few months.

When Will heard the voice from behind him at first he had no idea why it sounded familiar. Then he heard, “Merry Christmas,” and turned to see Hannibal Lecter talking with Alana not far from where he sat.

His heart was pounding in his ears as he stood, walking away from Matt without a single excuse and making his way across the room.

“Will!” Alana said when she saw him approaching, “I want to introduce you to someone.”

Will steeled himself for not being recognized. He no longer had the curls or the baby face but when Hannibal’s eyes lit up with recognition he couldn’t help but smile.

“We have already met,” Hannibal purred, licking his lips.

Alana looked between them. “Oh? You never told me you knew Will?”

Hannibal never took his eyes off Will as he said, “You never spoke of him either.”

“It was a long time ago,” Will said softly.

Alana seemed to notice she wasn’t needed, patting Will on the back and murmuring, “I’ll leave you two to catch up then,” walking away.

Hannibal sipped his drink once before observing, “You grew up.”

Will laughed, shaking his head. “Disappointed?”

“Not even slightly,” Hannibal said, looking Will up and down, “Are you?”

Will smirked. “Are you asking if I’m still into older men?”

Hannibal’s smile widened. “Possibly.”

Will looked up and Hannibal did as well. They were standing right beneath a sprig of mistletoe.

“She planned this,” Will said, the grip he had on his glass tightening.

Hannibal stepped forward, setting his drink down as he reminded him, “It is tradition.”

Will licked his mouth and said breathlessly, putting his drink beside Hannibal’s, “Can’t be helped then.”

The kiss wasn’t at all soft, ten years worth of Will’s memories being surpassed as he was devoured whole. He could hear catcalls and laughter but didn’t give a damn.

When they parted, both breathless and still longing for more he asked, “Worth the wait?”

Hannibal smiled. “Oh yes,” he said, rubbing his thumb along Will’s cheek, “Are you busy this evening, Will?”

Will licked his lips. “I am now.”

Hannigram AU: The Cannibal Killer & His Young Psychiatrist

Hannibal Lecter has been in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane for three years when he gets assigned a new psychiatrist, Dr. William Graham. He walks in and instantly Hannibal cannot look away, his nervousness as he sits down is noticeable, Hannibal almost misses the question he asks it is so quietly spoken.

“Do you miss it?”

Hannibal blinks, caught off guard a moment. “Do I miss what, exactly?”

Dr. Graham smiles, looking down at his notes before shyly looking at him.

“Pulling the wool over their eyes, putting on a show while the real one is behind the scenes in your basement?”

Hannibal smiles. “That is a loaded question, Dr. Graham. Or may I call you Will?”

“I suppose so. If I can call you Hannibal,” Will says, his blush a beautiful pink that makes Hannibal lick his lips.

“You may,” Hannibal echoed.

“Hannibal, is it true that you’ve killed more than the…”

“William means resolute protector, yes?”

Will blinks, caught off guard. “I…yes.”

“Are you resolute, Will?”

Will smiles, shaking his head. “I really don’t think of myself that way. It took me months to even come see you.”

Hannibal leans forward in his chair, imagining this eager young man attempting to come here but too scared to come down the hall.

“Why?”

Will looks down at his notes. “Dr. Chilton did not want to give you up, he warned me that you’d be difficult and find my weakness to exploit, digging deep into my head. I…I don’t like to be psychoanalyzed.”

Hannibal laughed, making Will look up. “You do not like to be analyzed so you became a psychiatrist?”

Will whispered, “I needed to know.”

“Know what, Will?”

“What was wrong with me?”

He does not like to speak to other doctors, Frederick had spent years trying to pick his brain to no avail but this young one intrigues him.

The next several weeks go by and he sees Will often, sometimes they speak on nothing but otherwise he just enjoys the company.

When he’s asked to write a journal, talk about what’s most important in his past Hannibal knows he will not be following that request and instead begins to write letters to Will.

After the first Will does not come to see him, he writes daily of blood and missed passion so darkly macabre that he almost believes to have scared off his new visitor even as the guards collect his journal every evening.

A week goes by and when his visitor returns he notices the bags under Will’s eyes immediately.

“You have not been sleeping.”

Will looks at him angrily. “I’ve been having nightmares.”

Hannibal smiles. “Oh?”

Will doesn’t sit, instead walks to the glass separating them and bangs on it hard. “That wasn’t what I asked of you! That…”

Hannibal stands and walks to the glass till he’s right in front of it. He asks, “Then why continue to read it every day, Dr. Graham?”

Will’s hand is still there on the glass and his desire is showing so brightly in his eyes that Hannibal longs to see blood in his teeth. He imagines the havoc they could reek together, imagines for the first time a life with someone at his side.

“Do you still believe there’s something wrong with you, Will? Because you long for more?”

Will turns away, hands at his sides curling into fists in frustration.

“I’m not…”

“Do you remember last evening’s letter? Where I spoke of taking you apart under my hands? Biting marks into your skin?”

Will’s shoulders slump and he whispers, “Yes.”

“Did you…”

Will turns and says, “Every conversation when I come here is recorded.”

Hannibal smiles. “I am aware of that.”

Will’s blush as he speaks is beautiful and his softly spoken, “You wrote that, knowing I could interpret your words in two different ways.”

Hannibal’s smile is predatory.

“I often write that way, it makes whoever is reading question their own thinking. Which way did you take it, Doctor?”

Will sighs and asks, “Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Hannibal frowns.

“Will…”

Will’s glare is an unwelcome surprise.

“When you can return to the fundamental reasons why we are speaking I will return as well. Good day, Dr. Lecter.”

Will leaves and Hannibal is surprised at his sadness of the loss. When he waits for his journal to be returned and finds a new entry not in his own hand, he smiles.

Dear Hannibal,

You’re playing with me. I can feel it in my bones and yet I can’t look away from your words. No one touches this book but the guards who give it to me and myself, though it makes me angry that anyone else is allowed your words.

I dreamt your hands on me, ripping into my skin and bathing in my blood until it changed into passion, the likes of which I’ve never known before. We have only spoken for a few weeks and I long to see your face. Do you miss freedom as much as I hope you miss me?

WG

Hannibal does not know if he’s being played, doesn’t know if his shy little Doctor is so aware of his tells that this is a game he will not win, but finds himself not caring.

When he picks up the pen and begins an entry his first thought is Will at his desk with a hand on his cock as he reads what Hannibal intends to write.

Consequences be damned.

Hannigram AU: Christmas Eve Date

Every year on Christmas Eve, Hannibal Lecter gives himself a gift. He goes out to bars and finds the most obnoxious person he can as his victim for the evening then goes to his favorite one. This year he finds his worst yet, a rude man who talks down to the staff at one bar, flirts with one person while talking of his impending relationship with another.

After he's done and gets seated for his meal he savors his wine, watching the other patrons in the restaurant and notices the man sitting bedside him.

At first glance he wouldn't dismissed him, he was plain and underdressed for this establishment but the longer he watched, Hannibal noticed little things like the beauty of his eyes, his windswept hair and his sad smile.

"Waiting on someone?"

The man was startled, nodding his head. "This guy I met the other day, he kept complimenting my dog in the park and we just…nevermind."

Hannibal sipped his wine before asking, "He chose this restaurant?"

The man nodded, checking his watch again. "I probably got stood up. I should've known better than to go out on Christmas Eve," he sighed and sipped his water, "I should probably go."

Hannibal put a hand on his arm when he attempted to get up. "Stay. Keep me company."

The man smiled. "I can't even afford this place, I really should…"

Hannibal took his hand, bringing it up to his lips. "Please. Let me buy your meal. If you do not enjoy yourself, at least you will eat for free."

The man laughed. "You're making it hard to say no."

"I am attempting to, Mister…"

"Graham, Will Graham," his companion offered, standing and moving to sit across from him, "And you are?"

"Hannibal Lecter."

Will let Hannibal pour wine into his glass, holding it up and declaring, "A toast to Matthew Brown, who stood me up and made it possible for us to meet."

Hannibal paused.

Matthew Brown. His memory suddenly flashed on his victim's ID card, his smug smile and he realized why Will was alone this evening.

He'd killed his date.

Hannibal smirked, raising up his glass. "To Matthew Brown, I owe him much thanks this evening."

They both took a drink, eyes never leaving each other and when Will put his glass down he asked, "Do you always go out alone on Christmas Eve, Hannibal?"

Hannibal set his drink down and nodded, "Every year, as a gift to myself. Do you?"

Will shook his head. "I…I'm not usually even one to go out on dates but Matt seemed nice. He offered to buy me dinner, I've…yeah I'm not the dating kind."

"You seem to be doing just fine."

Will laughed, "Is this a date?"

"Of course not, we are just two people having a conversation and a good meal."

Will shook his head as the waiter arrived, letting Hannibal order for him. After they were alone again be asked, "What is it that you do?"

"I am a psychiatrist. Yourself?"

Will seemed visibly upset by his answer but answered, "I'm a profiler."

Hannibal leaned forward at his answer. "Interesting."

Will takes a sip of his wine and doesn't answer, looking around at the other people around them. He notices that several are watching them, glaring his way.

"Do you come here every year? The same restaurant?"

"Yes, why?"

Will smiles at him. "I think everyone here wants to be sitting across from you, I'm getting glared at from all sides."

Hannibal reaches across the table and takes his hand while underneath he moves his foot up Will's leg.

"I do not even see anyone in this room but you."

Will smiles and squeezes his hand as he whispers, "Merry Christmas, Hannibal."

"I hope it will be, Will. I very much hope it will be."

Hannigram AU: The Krampus and The Lost Little Elf

Everyone knows the tale of the Krampus. While Santa is out on Christmas Eve giving presents to good little boys and girls the Krampus is out finding the naughty ones to punish.

The Christmas Eve where things go differently starts the same, the Krampus in his monstrous form gathering naughty ones to take is heading from house to house when he hears someone singing.

He pauses, looks into his bag of children to find none are the source. As he follows the sound he comes upon a young elf, holding his leg and singing a mournful tune.

“Why are you so melancholy?” The Krampus asks the elf, who stops singing to stare at him.

“Santa has left me behind,” the elf tells him, “I don’t know the way home. Could you take me home?”

The Krampus stares at him and asks, “Do you not fear me?”

The elf stares at him for a moment, taking in his entire self before declaring, “No. I can see the anger in your eyes. I can see how lonely you are, how you think this is right. They need to be punished.”

The Krampus smiles and his form wipes away, revealing a blood stained man who touches the elf healing him.

“Better?”

The elf smiles and he walks the tiny elf back to his sleigh, hoisting his bag of children upon it and flying off.

When he brings the elf home the Krampus confesses, “You have brightened my evening, little one.”

The elf frowns and says, “Will. My name is Will.”

The Krampus pats him on the head and smiles, morphing into his grotesque form once more. “My name is Hannibal, Will. I must be off.”

Will watches him go, sad though he knows not why. He spends the rest of the year worrying for Hannibal, wondering if he’s lonely and if he’s punished all he wanted before time ran out.

Santa notices the change in him, taking Will off of Christmas cheer and putting him into toy making full time.

That’s when Will gets an idea.

He'll make toys that punish the bad children. Hannibal wouldn't miss the bad ones then. As he sets upon his task Will fails to notice a change in himself: he's growing.

By Christmas he's bigger than all the others and Santa tells him he's no longer an elf.

Forlorn and alone Will goes home, missing Christmas for the first year since he was born.

The next morning he wakes to a feast and a familiar bag by his front door.

Hannibal is here!

He runs to the kitchen and laughs, seeing his Krampus covered in blood and cleaning his teeth with a bone.

"Merry Christmas, Will. I got your gifts. I see you have grown since I last saw you."

Will runs and hugs him. "I missed you!"

"I missed you too. Now, tell me…" He kisses Will's cheek and whispers, "What plans do you have for next year?"

Will smiles.

He has many ideas for him and now they can plan together for many Christmases after.

Hannigram AU: Teacher by Day, Escort by Night

They had a standing appointment on Thursday evenings. He would walk to the front desk and ask for Fell, taking the room key and see his lover inside, naked and ready to be mounted.

Hannibal craved this man, this CJ, pounding into him mercilessly every Thursday night delighting in his moans and leaving as many marks as he possibly could for other patrons after him to see.

They met by accident, Hannibal had been at a bar one evening only to see money exchanged between his lover and another man, making Hannibal follow them both.

He cornered the man after and offered twice his normal rate starting a now months long liaison that he was growing weary of as time apart wore on.

That was why walking into the behavior science class of Professor Will Graham was so illuminating that Friday morning and seeing his lover there in front of the podium speaking on his murders so eloquently.

Will Graham.

Professor Graham turned to look at him and he froze with wide eyes for a split second before continuing on as if nothing had happened between them less than twelve hours before.

Hannibal was aware of Will's eyes on him during his lecture, exaggerating his movements and deliberately not looking at the professor until he concluded. The students were all shuffling off to leave and he lingered, leaning against the desk.

Will walked up behind him and touched his shoulder, his hand lingering and somewhat digging.

"I will not betray you, CJ, your business is your own. Though I now know why you could never have appointments in the morning."

Will's hand lingered, his touch softening and extending beyond his shoulder to Hannibal's neck.

"I didn't expect…"

Hannibal turned and smiled at him, cocked his head as he asked, "May I ask you a question?"

Will ran a hand over his chest, lingering still. "Yes."

"Do you enjoy the act of sexual intercourse that much or is it a monetary problem?"

Will smirked. "Are you offering to sponsor me?"

Hannibal took the hand that was still touching him and brought it to his lips. "Yes."

Will licked his lips and said, “I don’t need the money.”

Hannibal licked over his hand and offered, “I would satisfy your cravings, spend days pleasuring you if you so desired.”

Will’s shiver was visible and he swallowed before whispering, “I’ll think about it.”

Hannibal pulled him close, trapping him in his embrace and backing Will up to the desk. “I’ll give you something to think about until Thursday, CJ.”

Their kiss was explosive, dragging out every shiver and shudder he could from lips alone, when he pulled back and kissed Will’s cheek he was delighted when Will sighed, “Will. You can call me Will.”

Hannibal smiled at him and kissed Will’s hand again before leaving him with, “Until Thursday, sweet Will,” aware that Will’s eyes were on him every step he took out of the room.

Hannigram AU: The Christmas Killer Finds A Surprise Present

Will Graham lives in an everyday hell. He's been beaten, caged and humiliated daily for the past year since coming out to his parents. He hears the screaming late one night and sits naked under his blanket worrying about what's happening above him.

When Hannibal walks into the basement he's got blood on his hands and angrier than he's been in a very long time. The man he'd just killed had yelled about his "faggot son" and that he deserved it, making the woman cry out, "shut up, Bill just shut up" before he cut out her tongue.

When he hears the whimpering he immediately pauses on the stairs, calling out, "Who is there?"

The whisper is hoarse, scared but determined, "Please."

The young man can't be more than seventeen, maybe eighteen and he's covered in bruises and blood. Hannibal immediately rushes to him, surprised by the concern he feels and when he encounters the lock he growls, "I will get you out, I promise."

"My parents they…"

He smiles. "They are no longer a concern."

The young man lets out a sigh, bursting into tears as Hannibal grabs the first tool he sees cutting off the lock easily and helping him out of the cage.

The stench of unwashed skin, urine and feces is overwhelming. He moves to go and the young man almost falls when he attempts to move. Hannibal puts his arm around him to steady the young man and he hears, "You killed them?"

He nods once and receives a surprisingly strong hug in response. Hannibal pats him on the back softly and says, "You're very welcome."

"Will, my name is Will. I…its been so long since I heard it, I…no one has called me anything but Fag or Boy in…" Will whispers, head hanging low.

Hannibal lifts Will's head up and says, "Hello, my name is Hannibal. Your name is Will Graham and you are perfect just the way you are."

Will bursts into tears again, clutching him hard enough that Hannibal can do nothing but pick him up and carry him up the stairs.

He whispers nonsense the entire time they walk through the house, the Christmas tree still quite lit when they enter the living room.

Hannibal puts Will down on the couch, the young man is still shaking as he says, “I never thought I’d see a tree ever again, I…I haven’t seen anything except the basement in a year, I…my Christmas present last year was to get thrown in a cage.”

“I believe this year you will have a wonderful Christmas, Will. Free to be who you are.”

Will frowns, “I…”

Hannibal gently takes his hand as he informs him, “I must leave now, Will. You may call the police once I’ve left and…”

Will clutches him tightly and yells, “No, no, you can’t! Please you can’t! Please! Take me with you! I’ll be good!”

Hannibal sighs. “I have more houses to visit this night, Will, and you are not fit to go out.”

Will’s face falls and he nods, “I’m sorry, I won’t ask again. You can just kill me now and then leave?”

Hannibal pauses. “Why?”

“No one has ever called me anything but horrible things, I’ve never…I don’t want to be here if even someone who thinks I’m perfect doesn’t want me either?”

Hannibal reaches out to touch his face and Will winces from the pain but doesn’t move away. “I will help you clean up,” he finds himself saying , the bright smile he receives in return worth the burden he’s about to take on.

Will is standing in the shower, naked and looking behind him occasionally to be sure Hannibal was still there.

He asks, “Would you like to take anything with you, Will? Before we go?”

Will frowns. “Why? All I need is you.”

Hannibal watches him and contemplates dropping Will off before he returns home after this first night of twelve.

He’s been killing like this for years now, twelve nights every December for every year he’s been without his sister. With Will in tow, things will not be easy it would be easier to leave him at a police station before heading home again.

Will steps out of the shower, smiling brightly as he says, “Where are we going next?”

Hannibal smiles, “Wherever the wind takes us, Will.”

Hannigram AU: The Christmas Caroler

There is someone who keeps singing on his front porch. Hannibal doesn't open the door, though the caroler keeps coming every two days alternating between songs though Hannibal listens for only a few minutes before turning off his porch light.

He has lived in this neighborhood for years now, his sister's passing made him move from their family home the memories much too painful for him to handle.

After a week of this persistent singer he finally opens the door ready to accost this annoyance but pauses, the striking creature on his porch rendering him speechless.

The young man cannot be older than twenty, possibly younger, and he is wearing a Santa Claus hat that barely covers the mop of curls upon his head. Hannibal finds himself longing to run his fingers through them.

His song is, 'Oh Come All Ye Faithful' and with the door open Hannibal can hear the hitch in his breath and the beauty of his voice.

He smiles and the caroler smiles back, finishing off the song and Hannibal says, "You sing beautifully," the redness in his cheeks he hoped about more than the cold.

"Thank you," the caroler said, "Sorry about…coming all the time. I just," he looks down at his gloved hands, "You look so sad every time I see you, I just…"

Hannibal assures him, "I am not very festive this year, loss can do that."

The caroler frowns. "I'm sorry. I…I really hope you think about putting some decorations up? I'm sure it'll make you happier."

Hannibal smiles. "I will think on your idea, Mister…"

"Graham, Will Graham," he says, pointing to his left, "I live just up the block there with my Dad."

Hannibal holds out his hand and says as Will puts his gloved one in his, "Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

His caroler leaves not soon after to go continue spreading his music Hannibal supposed. The next morning he puts up a Christmas wreath on the door and when Will returns the smile he gets is worth continuing to decorate each time Will visits.

It's Christmas Eve when he gets a knock at the door to find Will on his porch, bleeding from his mouth and shivering without a jacket or gloves.

"Will?"

Will's shivering and he stutters, "Can I…please they took my coat."

He brings Will inside, finding a blanket and leading him to the fire. He puts on the tea kettle and sits beside him on the floor.

“What’s happened?”

Will shivers, rubbing his hands together. “Some assholes took my coat and got me in the jaw, they…kept calling me fag and I ran, I didn’t…I’m sorry to bother you.”

Hannibal rubbed his back and assured him, “You are not a bother, Will, though I have no idea why you would want to spend your Christmas Eve singing for strangers when you could be at home with your father

Will frowned, looking down. “He’s…he doesn’t do Christmas. My mom she kinda left us on Christmas.”

Hannibal puts his hand over Will’s own and whispers, “You are welcome to stay, I was just about to start dinner.”

The tea kettle goes off and Will says, “No I…”

Hannibal squeezes his hand. “Please, I insist.”

They spend dinner together, Hannibal reveling in this luminous young man’s presence. Will is well spoken and very polite, laughing at his every joke and blushing intermittently.

By the time dinner is over and they are both drinking hot chocolate by the fire Hannibal finds himself asking, “How old are you, Will?”

Will swallows and says, “Nineteen.”

Hannibal touches his cheek and whispers, “You are very well spoken for one so young.”

Will shivers, “I’m not that young.”

Hannibal smiles, “I am going to ask something that may come to humiliate me later but I find I cannot stop myself. May I kiss you, Will?”

Will nods and Hannibal slowly leans in, kissing him so softly sighing as Will whimpers when they part.

“You taste so sweet, Will, may I taste you again?”

Will nods and Hannibal gently presses him down onto the floor with his body addicted to the moans coming from Will. He pulls his mouth away from Will’s lips, running his fingers through those inviting curls as he begins attacking his young lover’s neck with his mouth.

“Please, oh please,” Will begs, and Hannibal lifts his head up to smile at him.

“Whatever you desire, sweet Will, we have all night.”

He takes his time taking Will apart under his tongue and when he tastes Will's passion under his tongue Hannibal knows he cannot let him go.

Hannibal wakes up with Will in his arms the next morning, warm and welcoming as they lay by the long burned out fire. He kisses his way along Will's neck and when Will whispers, "Merry Christmas, Hannibal," Hannibal kisses him softly.

"Yes, sweet Will, it very much is."

Hannigram AU: Santa for A Day

Hannibal Lecter has escaped the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. He's been on the run for a few short hours when he decides to hide in a mall department store, seeing a man standing outside smoking a cigarette dressed in a Santa Claus costume. He breaks the man's neck and hides his body in the dumpster, dressing in the suit.

He is just about to leave when a young man in an elf costume comes outside and says, "Look I know we've never worked together before but the day is about to fucking start and we'll be stuck all day the least you can do is talk to me."

Hannibal stares at the young man and smiles, "I apologize, what is your name young elf?"

The young man blushes and says, "Will. I know you're Larry, they told me upstairs."

Hannibal dislikes the name but plays up the charade. "Yes. Now this is my first time would you show me exactly where we will be working?"

Will takes him inside where he remains silent, sitting on his throne and waiting for the children to arrive.

This should be interesting.

Will Graham hates his new job. He's worked with six different Santas who've all been assholes, and it's his first week here. When he first comes in and his new Santa ignores his hello he almost bursts into tears of frustration. He has trouble enough with social situations, he just wants a day to enjoy this. An hour later he walks out to confront his Santa and he seems like a different man. They spend the day sharing smiles and he watches Larry wax poetic to a four year old about the tragic tale of The Little Mermaid making her burst into tears.

But he's having a wonderful time.

"So…why are you doing this?" Will asks as they eat sandwiches down the way from the booth, lunch hour dwindling down.

Larry is still wearing his Santa gear and Will wishes he'd take it off but won't make a fool of himself asking.

"I enjoy people," Larry says, smiling, "They intrigue me."

Will tries not to ask if he's included but does anyway. "Am I intriguing?"

Larry takes his hand, the coarse hair of the Santa beard itching Will's hand when he brings it to his lips.

"You, sweet Will, are the most intriguing of all."

Will’s blush is very nearly the color of the Santa suit.

“I think you’re interesting too,” he confesses.

Larry’s smile is almost frightening, but Will still longs for the end of their shift when he can finally see his true face.

Hannigram AU: The Christmas Proposal

Hannibal is buying admiring a watch when he hears the sigh for the fourth time, making him look up at the source of his interruption.

A man is has six rings spread out on the glass counter and he is alternating between each one putting them on his finger and sighing as he goes to the next.

Hannibal moves over, setting down the watch in his hand and feigning interest in the rings beside the troubled man.

“Are you having trouble deciding?”

The man looks at him and smiles, his radiance causing Hannibal to nearly gasp. He has never seen one so beautiful, so full of brightness and so very tempting to him.

“Yeah, I just…my boyfriend is kind of picky?”

Hannibal holds out his hand, “May I?”

The man hands him a ring, which fits nearly down his finger.

“He would not enjoy this?”

The man laughs, “I really don’t know, he’s…”

Hannibal smiles. “Difficult?”

The man blushes and says, “Somewhat.”

Hannibal offers, “I have often been called difficult, I could help you chose?”

The man sighs, “You’d do that for a stranger?”

Hannibal holds out his hand and they shake, “Hannibal Lecter.”

“Will Graham.”

The spend the rest of the afternoon trying on rings and Hannibal does not want to let Will leave, even when they decide on one that Hannibal himself finds ostentatious but Will insists, “Matt will just love.”

Will Graham comes into his life again nearly a week later while he is buying a fresh Christmas tree and to Hannibal’s relief he has not yet proposed. They spend much time together there and neither leaves with a tree, though Will admits he is proposing on Christmas Eve.

He meets the boyfriend by accident on a hunt, finding two men kissing in each other's arms outside of a bar and overhears one remark, "Shit, I gotta go. Willie is waiting."

His companion laughs. "Poor little Willie Graham knows nothing about his loving boyfriend's wandering cock."

The two laugh and Hannibal longs go kill them both, nearly running from the bar to go home for a drink of his own.

He sees Will again walking his dog in the park and attempts to convince him of his lover's infidelity angering Will enough to curse.

"This is none of your fucking business, Hannibal. We met as strangers and maybe we should've stayed that way."

Christmas Eve comes and Hannibal kills two different men with curly brown hair that could be Will's doubles and all it does is make him more melancholic.

He decides to return to the jewelry store Christmas morning, unable to stay away and surprisingly sees Will there by the rings once more.

"Hello Will."

Will turns to him, his eyes bloodshot and wet. "Hey. I'm really…"

Hannibal stops him, hand over Will's mouth. "Say no more. You wanted to believe in him."

Will pushes his hand away. "I thought maybe if we got married he would be better? I had all this shit planned and when he saw the ornament he laughed. The asshole laughed. Called me ridiculous."

Hannibal knew he would go after this Matthew tonight for Will's honor and his own vengeance. "I'm sorry."

Will smiled, shaking his head. "Not your fault."

Hannibal took Will's hand in his and brought it to his lips. "I would ease your pain if I could though I myself am here to buy a ring as you did weeks ago."

Will's smile wavered. "Oh? You're…proposing?"

Hannibal nodded. "Yes. I do not wish to add to your pain but if I may ask for your help?"

Will seemed so saddened but he smiled thinly, nodding. "Sure."

They spent another several hours together laughing and joking, Will choosing a modest ring that he quite liked and Hannibal insisted was not overly expensive despite Will telling him it was.

As they leave Will says, “I hope your boyfriend enjoys the ring, and that you have better luck than I did.”

Hannibal smiles and admit, “Perhaps you can help me with that as well?”

Will frowns. “What?”

Hannibal takes out the ring from his bag and kneels down in front of Will the other man’s eyes wide.

“Will, I know we are not lovers or even close friends but there is no one else I want to share the remainder of my days with. I have known this since your first smile in my direction. I am aware this is not exactly what you had in mind for your proposal but I…I cannot imagine allowing you to walk away from me again. Marry me?”

Will lets out a laugh, hands over his mouth as he nods and says breathlessly, “Yes, Hannibal I might be crazy but yes I’ll marry you.”

Hannibal smiles, kissing his fingers as he puts on the ring and they share their first kiss in front of the jewelry store, better than Hannibal had ever imagined it to be.

Much later they share another over Mathew Brown’s eviscerated body, hands covered in blood.

But that’s another story entirely.

Hannigram AU: A Boyfriend for Christmas

Chapter Notes

warnings for abusive parent and anti gay language.

When he was seven years old and took that annual trip to see Santa with his father Will was super anxious to tell him what he wanted that year. It was his turn and he raced up, nearly tripping when he got to sit on that big red lap.

“What do you want for Christmas this year, son? A fire engine? Some army toys?” Santa asked.

“I want a boyfriend for Christmas, like all the girls have. Please Santa?”

Santa shared a look with the elf beside him and seemed unsure of what to say.

Will yelled it out instead, almost at tantrum levels and when his father yanked him off of Santas lap and growled in his ear, “I’m gonna beat your ass so hard boy for that kinda talk,” Will knew he should’ve kept his wish to himself.

The rest of his school life he was the weird little fairy, no one wanted to sit with him and the few friends he had were just as weird. Except for Bev. Bev fit in everywhere and everyone liked her despite the association she had to Will.

When he was thirty and saw Hannibal Lecter the first time he felt an immediate attraction but barely acknowledged him. They were both putting money into the Salvation Army jar that was being held by a man in a Santa suit.

Their fingers brushed and Will said, “Sorry,” despite the smile he got in return he ran as fast as he could away.

Things were different now, he knew that, but most of the town still talked about his Christmas wish from Santa even this many years later and though he was one of only a handful of the lgbt community in town no one dared go near him.

Which was why it was so strange when the man came to his bait shop the next day, looking for lures and fishing line.

The bell ding broke Will out of a daydream about the man he’d seen the day before, someone who did not look like he belonged in this town.

When he saw the face of his customer Will blushed, cursing himself internally for his traitorous biology.

“Hello and welcome to Graham’s Bait and Tackle, can I help you find anything in particular today?”

The man smiled. “Hello, it is really snowing quite hard outside. I was surprised that you were open when most of the lake has frozen over.”

“Ice fishers,” Will said with a smile.

“I seem to be having trouble with some wild animals near my property, I was interested in some fishing line and possibly lures? To deter them away?”

Will frowned, “ What kind of animals?”

The man smiled, “Various kinds.”

“Well these here,” Will began showing him a variety of lures, “Fairly simple nothing fancy. I’m not sure…”

“Is that your first name? Graham?”

Will was surprised and mumbled, “No, it’s Will my last name is Graham.”

The stranger held out his hand and Will took it, “My name is Hannibal Lecter, it is a pleasure to meet you Mr. Graham. Thank you for the help.”

Will blushed and said, “You’re welcome.”

Hannibal left with fifty dollars worth of lures and Will spent the rest of the afternoon remembering the feel of his handshake.

Several times that week he saw Hannibal in town, nodding and acknowledging each other in passing as they walked by until Will saw him sitting in the coffee shop on Friday reading.

He walked inside, surprising himself, walking to his table.

“Hello.”

Hannibal looked up with a smile, taking off his glasses as he put his book down. “Mr. Graham, you are a welcome sight.”

“Can I join you?”

Hannibal nodded once and Will looked down at his book, a rather large book on the mind.

“Some light reading?”

Hannibal smiled. “My area of expertise.”

Will frowned. “You’re a psychiatrist?”

Hannibal frowned at his tone. “Is that a problem?”

Will remembered his father taking him to several psychiatrists when he was younger, wanting to find out why he would ever want men. He did not have pleasant associations with them.

“I’m not a fan.”

Hannibal leaned forward. “Maybe you just have not met the right one?”

Will laughed suddenly, biting his lip and blushing at Hannibal’s returning grin.

“Or maybe I finally have.”

Hannigram AU: Patients in the Hospital

Someone was singing.

It was subtle, quiet, but Hannibal could hear it nonetheless.

"…I'll hold your hands they're just like ice."

"Not that you do not have a lovely singing voice, but do convalescing patients not have to get some semblance of sleep?"

The singing stopped almost immediately, a quiet, "Sorry," making him want to open his eyes to see who was there with him, so Hannibal did just that.

The only other person in the hospital room was in a bed across not far from him, a cast on one arm and a pinkness in his cheeks though his face was turned away from Hannibal's eyes.

He frowned. "I was merely making a jest, you may continue now that I am awake."

There was a small laugh, and his roommate turned to smile his way.

Hannibal's breath stopped as he viewed such beauty, smiling in surprise. "Your name?"

The beauty looked surprised but offered, "Will. You're Hannibal Lecter, I heard all about the attempted rape. The doctors have been through a few times. You saved that woman."

Hannibal bit his tongue from admitting he had originally been courting the woman as a potential victim only to walk into the attempted assault and decide that her accidental scratching of his car door was less rude than the rudeness of her attackers.

"Yes. Is she well?"

Will nodded, "They said she called 911 after you were stabbed. They broke your nose, though they were surprised since you took most of them down," he seemed fascinated, "Have you taken self defense classes or something?"

Hannibal's smile widened. "Or something," he moved and winced, suddenly feeling the hat on his head, "I am wearing at hat?"

Will laughed, "The nurses thought it was cute. They ran out at you. I pretended to be disappointed."

Hannibal shared in his laughter before asking, "Your arm?"

Will sobered up quickly, smile gone.

"I didn't have a knight in shining armor to protect me like that woman did. I was…walking home and got jumped, they…," Will seemed to deflate right in front of him, "…my dog is

dead."

Hannibal had no love for dogs but said in sympathy, "I am sorry for your loss. They stole your wallet?"

Will nodded, "Buster was trying to protect me, I…usually I'm better at defending myself but I just…," he wiped tears from his eyes, "…god, I can still hear him whimpering."

Hannibal attempted to sit up, wincing at the pain in his side from the stab wound but he did not want to leave Will to his grief alone. The machines beeped and he expertly took them off, walking to sit on Will's bed.

"I would take this pain from you. Your animal fought bravely for your safety, I am sure that he would have been proud to defend his master from death even at risk of his own. You should be proud to inspire loyalty such as that."

He took Will's hand and the doors opened, a nurse looking at them in surprise.

"Sir, you need to be back in bed."

Hannibal glared. "This man's skin is quite cold, have you checked to be sure his blood is circulating properly? He should not be left unattended after such trauma, it is a cruelty."

The woman stammered, "I don't, I…he said he was fine, I…I don't think, let me get a Doctor."

She left in a hurry, Will laughing.

"Your authority is unsurpassed, I don't even think she's run that fast for doctors in the day I've been here."

Hannibal squeezed his hand and asked, "What day is it?"

Will whispered, "Christmas Eve. I…the nurse earlier was talking to me about how I'll get out tomorrow. You they didn't need know would even wake up till tomorrow."

Hannibal brought Will's hand to his lips, the tape on his nose tickling the other man's hand as he did.

"You should not be alone on Christmas, Will. I would invite you to spend the evening with me. I had plans to cook dinner for myself alone but company is always more preferred."

Will smiled, blushing. "I can't really drive or get around with this thing, but if you could give me a ride…yeah that sounds wonderful."

Hannibal squeezed his hand once more and went back to his bed, staring at Will and adding, "I will call a car for us both to my home, unless you prefer to ride on your own?"

Will looked uncomfortable. "I have someone who was coming to get me tomorrow, though she could take me to your place?"

Hannibal smiled, sighing and nodding as he felt sleep overtake him though he said to Will, “Do not let me miss dinner.”

Will laughed. “Not when I finally have someone interesting to talk to.”

Hannibal fell asleep smiling.

Hannigram AU: Home Makeover Show

Will Graham has had enough.

His neighbor, Frederick, got called back on one of those home makeover shows with the horrible name of Beautify my House. They had offered him money to stay in a hotel for the week that he declined, no one was gonna kick him out of his house for something so ridiculous.

Now he was starting to think staying home was a huge mistake.

They were working day and night, power tools making noise and hammers hammering sometimes till two a.m., and the constant yelling from the obnoxious host who will knew was named Hannibal by the amount of times he heard the workers shout, “YES HANNIBAL!”

Finally after the end of the second night, he finally had enough.

Stomping over to Chilton’s house, he ignored the man who attempted to stop him, shouting, “SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

Several people turned his way and he saw one in particular, tool belt on his hip carrying a wrench, who smiled and started to walk towards him.

Will tried to get out of the grip of who he assumed was a bodyguard, “Let me go!”

“Francis, please.”

The grip was loosened and Will let out a breath, “God, I just want to get some damn sleep, is that too much to ask?”

The other man, looking more like he belonged in a suit rather than jeans and a t-shirt, smiled and said, “I apologize, we were informed that the neighbors had all been given other lodgings during our stay.”

Will glared, “I declined.”

The man held out his hand, “Hannibal Lecter.”

Will took it, “Will Graham.”

Will took his hand back, frowning, “How much longer do you people plan on being here?”

Hannibal sighed, “I was optimistic for tonight to be our last evening but I am afraid just one more,” he looked at Will, “You are of course welcome to take up the studio on their…”

Will ran a hand through his hair, “I don’t…it’s hard for me to sleep anywhere else, it’s just… it’s fine, I shouldn’t have bothered you. Sorry,” he started to leave when Hannibal’s voice stopped him.

“Will?”

He turned, “Yeah?”

“If we finish by tomorrow evening, I would like to take you out to dinner as an apology for the sleepless nights we’ve caused.”

Will blushed, “It’s fine, don’t worry you don’t need to apologize,” he shook his head.

Hannibal ignored his guard as he passed him, standing close to Will and admitting, “Then, if I may be so forward, I would just be pleased to take you out to dinner.”

Will swallowed, nodding as his blush deepened, “I guess that’s…yeah, sure.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand, bringing it to his lips. “I hope I will be able to help ease your restlessness, I have been known to be quite adept at helping people relax.”

Will laughed, taking his hand back, “God, I can’t believe you just said that.”

Hannibal grinned. “I knew you would have a lovely smile.”

Will looked away shyly, “I’ll see you tomorrow, Hannibal.”

“Goodnight, Will. Sweet dreams.”

Will smiled the whole way home. Maybe it hadn’t been a mistake staying home after all.

Hannigram AU: Man Out Of Time

Hannibal is out hunting when he comes upon a young man wandering down the road wearing period clothing, looking quite lost talking of how he is a prince and his father will have Hannibal's head if he does not get him home immediately.

The young man's name is Prince William Graham, Hannibal learns when he talks William into his car and promptly knocks him out via a syringe driving him straight to his house. He looks him up and finds that Prince William disappeared during his twenty fourth year never to be found again.

When Will wakes Hannibal asks Will how he came to be there, which Will does not know, and explains to him that he's traveled into the future. Will takes to future life well, Hannibal enjoys their time together immensely: he talks Will into posing nude for a sketching, dresses him in expensive suits, and cooks fine meals for them both over the coming weeks.

He wakes up one morning to find Will gone, no sign that he'd been there at all, spending the week after foolishly hoping that his man out of time will reappear.

Will does not.

Finally giving into the possibility that Will is indeed gone, Hannibal goes on a rampage the likes of which he never has before.

The police are on his trail, he could not care less, and is on his fifth victim in one evening when a panting, blood stained Will comes rushing into the home where he's cutting into a new victim.

"Will."

Will looks down at him, his eyes wet as he asks, "They're coming for you, we must flee."

Hannibal stands stock still as he drinks in the sight of Will completely, sighing deeply, "It's too late, Will, you should not have come back here. Go home."

Will comes towards him, hands covered in blood, "I am home. Seven days ago I woke up in my own bed and sobbed for want of you. I….I have no idea how I've returned, but I've returned and will not lose you again."

Hannibal looked down at the man at his feet.

"I'm a killer, you should not…"

Will walks towards him, taking a gun out of his back pocket, "As am I, Hannibal. I just shot a policeman with his own firearm, I…please, do not let this go so easily."

Hannibal reaches out a blood soaked hand to Will's cheek, smiling, "You, I…I've missed you terribly."

Will smiles, nuzzling into his palm. "Come with me."

Hannibal takes his hand, intertwining their fingers together as he whispers, "Anywhere."

Hannigram AU: Cupid's Bow

Will Graham was a cherub.

He had yet to be a true disciple of cupid, only the best cherubs were, and he longed to get the recognition of his brothers. When he gets the assignment to bring love into the life of Hannibal Lecter, he is excited for his first official duty to his brethren. They tell him Hannibal is a lonely man, looking for someone to take care of but does not trust easily which Will is determined to fix. He does not know the man to which they send him or that they're sending him to fail.

Hannibal Lecter has no love in his heart.

His family were murdered in front of him while he was unable to do anything but watch, and he does not want to get an attachment that can be taken away from him again. When he finds the young man bleeding by the side of the road, something compels him to pull over.

When Will wakes up in the house of his assignment he does not know that he is in for the fight of his young life, or that very soon he will fall in love with a man destined to become a serial killer. The angels send waves after his charge in the form of random acts of violence, that Will protects Hannibal from and in turn reveals the secret he is supposed to have kept buried.

Alone together and fighting for their lives, it does not take long for them to develop feelings that Will knows are wrong for him to feel, denying Hannibal who in turn is attacked by another cherub.

Will attacks his brother, tearing into him savagely and turning to Hannibal to confess his feelings just as the man lies dying in his arms.

Hannibal's chest is slowing, Will can feel him bleed against his hand as tears fall down his face.

"I shouldn't have let you go alone, I'm sorry. I…" Will sobs, pressing his forehead to the Hannibal's own.

Hannibal's fingers come to Will's lips, caked in blood and feathers as he whispers, "A kiss before dying. I cannot think of anything more appropriate."

Will shakes his head, "You won't die, I won't let you die. I.."

Hannibal smiles, tears on his face, "My little cherub, always so fiercely protective of the monster."

Will shakes his head, "No, you're not. You're…" he kisses Hannibal softly, the blood on his lips mingling with the blood in Hannibal's mouth making Will sick but unable to pull away.

He hears the slowing of his love's heart, chest shaking as he sobs, "Please, oh please, just let me have this. I'll take care of him so closely, just please."

The jumpstart to Hannibal's heart is a joy, Will sobbing as he holds onto Hannibal pressing kisses to his lips, "Will, what's…?"

"I asked, and he said yes."

Hannibal frowns, seeing the pile of wings on the ground around them, "Your wings. Oh my little cherub."

Will smiles, pressing his lips to Hannibal's ear, "I just have to keep an eye on you. Not to let you turn. To keep you safe."

Hannibal smiles, "No one said anything about you, though, did they?"

Will licks his lips with a smile, "I will satisfy your craving for blood, wont I?"

Hannibal nods just slightly, "Oh Will. You are so very beautiful and I do not deserve…."

Will presses a finger to his lips, "Don't. This isn't about what you deserve," he runs his finger across Hannibal's lips, "It's about what I do."

Hannibal cannot argue with that.

Spacedogs: The Unexpected Valentine

Nigel moves into the apartment and knows immediately there has to be something wrong with it. There's no fucking way a place this big would be so cheap but when he asks the landlord just says, "There's a few bothers that some people couldn't handle. It's an old building."

The bothers turn out to be a fucking ghost.

A ghost that puts away his clothes, throws his cigarettes out the window when he's sleeping, and rearranges his cabinets. After three weeks he finally calls it out and meets Adam Raki for the first time.

Adam is beautiful, prettier than anyone Nigel's ever seen before and loves to talk about space and the stars. He brushes off questions about his death, promising not to move Nigel's things anymore if he promises not to smoke in the apartment.

Nigel doesn't listen because it's almost February and it's fucking cold outside, which makes Adam appear, yelling in his face as he breaks dishes and Nigel has to promise him the world to calm his little ghost down.

It takes another week when he learns how Adam was killed in a break in, can't remember his killer's face but he would know his voice anywhere.

He promises his little star he'll find the asshole who killed him, knowing that when he finds Adam's killer he'll lose Adam forever.

As the days get closer to Valentine's Day, Nigel just wishes he could touch him just once before he has to say goodbye and Adam grows increasingly agitated for Nigel's safety but there's nothing Nigel won't do for his little star.

Nothing.

Adam feels it like another shot to the chest, he falls back against the wall looking at the deepening blood stain on his costume.

"Nigel," he whispers, his eyes filling with tears.

Nigel found his killer and he's going to see his dad again.

Adam feels pain for the first time in almost two years, and it shouldn't feel like this should it? It shouldn't feel like dying again when all he wants to do is say goodbye to Nigel.

The call comes unexpectedly, the answering machine picking up as he hears Nigel's voice, "I got him, little star. I got him for you. God, I hope you can hear this before you get to Heaven, angel. Did you see the card? Tell me you saw it. I fucking love you, Adam Raki. I," Nigel coughs, "I hope it's as warm in fucking hell as they say it is."

Adam shakes his head, “No, no,” he tries to grab for the phone and gets air shaking his head.

He doesn’t want to go, he doesn’t want to see Heaven without Nigel there.

“No, no, no,” he hears the phone die and falls back against the wall as he loses consciousness again, “No, please, I don’t want to go. Please.”

When he wakes up he’s in the cemetery, Nigel’s body is laying in front of his gravestone. Adam kneels at his feet, his hands going through as he says, “I got the card, I love you too. Please, Nigel. Please.”

He hears a thick voice call out, “You were supposed to leave,” and turns putting his hands over his mouth as he laughs, “Not without you. I couldn’t leave without you.”

Nigel is standing not far from him, ethereal and whole. Adam knows ghosts are an anomaly, they shouldn’t be here but he doesn’t need anything else but this.

Nigel needs him more than he needs Heaven.

He stands, running to Nigel whose arms are warm though they could just be so cold now he doesn’t know the difference. Nigel’s finger wipes the tears from his form, it isn’t a body but it isn’t not one.

“You were supposed to leave, little star.”

Adam shakes his head, “No, no, I couldn’t leave without telling you,” he kisses Nigel and whispers, “I love you too, just like the card: to the stars and back again.”

Nigel laughs, pressing their foreheads together. “What do we do now, little star?”

Adam takes his hand, “We can go home and you can teach me how to scare people better?”

Nigel kisses his hand, “Sounds like a perfect way to spend eternity, angel. Just perfect.”

Hannigram AU: The Man with No Name

Will Graham needs no one and that's just fine. When he finds the man in the road he takes him home, planning on nursing the man back to the bare minimum of health before sending him on his way.

His guest wakes up and has no memory of his name or the life before he set eyes on Will, and seems almost fearful of the world outside. Will cannot help but allow him to stay giving the man a new name: Michael.

Michael and Will start to develop more than a friendship and before long it's hard for Will to imagine his life without him.

Until he finds out who Michael is and wonders if he should tell the police who he's harboring in his home though his indecision is broken when he comes home to find Hannibal covered in blood holding a knife with an entirely different person staring back at him.

"Hello, Will."

It's like a bunch to his gut, Will freezes in the doorway with his hold tight on Winston's leash. "Hannibal."

Hannibal wipes blood from his mouth, "So you knew, and thought it fun to watch me wear flannel while working menial labor."

The man on the floor is the same one Will recognizes from earlier in the week, Matthew Brown. "He attacked you."

Hannibal doesn't let go of the knife, "Yes. I could not help but protect myself and the knife in his hand easily became my own," his smile is predatory, "As did my mind again."

Will feels tears in his eyes, "I didn't…I've only known for a few weeks."

Hannibal walks over to him, standing so close that Will is worried for his safety but it was hard for him to think this man who had been so tender in his bed could attack him that easily.

"You mocked me."

"No, Mich–," he started and Hannibal grabbed the front of his shirt, slamming Will against the back of the couch while Winston barked and growled, attempting to protect his master.

"I AM NOT!" Hannibal growled, their bodies pressed tightly to one another, "You know I am not that man."

Will was shaking as he cried, "I know, I…if you're going to kill me just do it. I can't…"

Hannibal's panting is harder than his own, Will can feel the tightness in his body as they're pressed against each other and all he wants to do is close his eyes hoping this is just a bad

dream.

“That would be the best course of action,” Hannibal panted, his grip loosening as Will opened his eyes.

“Hannibal.”

He puts a hand on Will’s cheek, over his ear and down his face, “All of these memories in my mind, they are hard to sort out who you attempted to make me and who I very much am.”

Will lets out a whine, “I didn’t do anything, I just…god I just loved you.”

Hannibal steps closer and Will cries out when the knife goes into his belly while Hannibal cradles him like Michael had done so many times before, “That was your first mistake.”

Will is shaking, fighting for breath as the life bleeds out of him. Hannibal sets him down so softly onto the floor staring deep into his eyes one final time before he leaves, “Demons aren’t capable of love. Close your eyes and lose yourself in the memories of the angel you chose to believe I was.”

Spacedogs AU: The Arrangement

Nigel is a rake.

There is no mama or papa in their right mind who would want him to marry their child, and he wears his scandals proudly sleeping his way through brothels and getting drunk in gambling dens all over the ton.

Until Nigel loses it all has no money to his name. Desperate to wed into money and finding his reputation precedes him the first time he hears talk of, “that strange duck, Raki, I hear his father is of ill health and he is to inherit.”

When he asks around there is no one who would marry Raki if they did not have to.

When he sees Adam for the first time, he’s floored by the thought of marrying anyone else.

Adam does not like him, not even slightly, the youngest Raki seeming immediately curious when he confesses his intention to court him for marriage.

“You are looking for money,” Adam says, his eyes narrowing, “Someone has told you my father is sick and you need money.”

Nigel cannot lie, “Yes, and you need looking after if the inquiries I’ve made are anything to go by. I’ve been told you’re touched in the head.”

The younger man bristles at the words, “No. I just,” he looks away, “I don’t think like others do and cannot understand the minds of people very easily. I need…guidance.”

Nigel leans over as they sit in Raki’s immense parlor, his hand touching the other man’s. It’s scandalous to be sure, it’s wrong, but the touch of his skin makes Nigel embarrassingly hard.

“I can guide you. I will not ask for anything else in return.”

Adam frowns, “I don’t know you.”

Nigel takes Adam’s hand to his lips and smiles, “Give me a week to show you who I am,” he holds the other man’s hand still as he teases, “You may like what you see.”

Adam seems torn, “My father…”

“I would ask his permission, of course, and let me assure you one thing Adam: I am not a liar. Not like Lady Buchwald, not like Duke Klieber. I am in this for the money, nothing else.”

Adam nods and shakes Nigel’s hand, “Okay, I would request a chaperon.”

Nigel feels an annoyance at the prospect, nodding once, “Of course. Tomorrow? I would take you to see the stars this evening if I did not think it would be too soon.”

Adam’s eyes light up and he knows the things he’s heard are true of Adam’s love of stars. “Tomorrow night? I have a new telescope I have been wanting to use and it’s too large to take out on my own.”

Nigel leans down this time to kiss Adam’s hand, “It would be my pleasure, Mr. Raki.”

“Adam,” you can call me Adam.

Adam’s smile makes Nigel wonder on the stupidity of the ton, but knows this arrangement will have to stay completely professional.

If only he can remain that way.

Hannigram AU: The Nanny

Hannibal Lecter has come home again.

His parents deaths bring him back to the halls of the Lecter estate, feeling numb as he steps inside. There is a painting of his family, including Mischa in the front hall that he stares at for far too long. He feels detached somehow, like this is still quite unreal even as his sister's cry makes him turn to see her running towards him.

"Hannibal!" she is heavier now, not the days old infant from the painting or the toddler he used to swing around in circles out in the garden. He holds her tightly to get the feel again. The frequent letters he received were fresh in his mind, as were the phone calls.

"You have gotten so much bigger," he whispers, kissing her cheek, "My little lamb."

"I am so sorry," the whispered voice cuts into their reunion, Hannibal turning to see a stranger with tears in his eyes.

"Thank you," his reply is automatic, hugging Mischa to him as he continues, "Who are you?"

The man smiles and Hannibal is stricken by his beauty, "Will Graham, I'm Mischa's nanny."

"Mischa spoke of you," Hannibal finishes, remembering her talk of the 'best nanny I ever had.'

A nod, "Your sister speaks of you so often, I almost feel like I know you."

Hannibal heaves Mischa higher onto his shoulder as he glares, turning away, "You don't."

The door closes and he whispers to Mischa, "I am here for you, little one."

Her sniffled, "I missed you, Hanni," only makes him hold her tighter.

Hannigram AU: The Lost Wolf

Will Graham is perfectly fine being a pet.

He's lived the last few years of his life as one, adopted by his owner when he was fifteen and hiding in wolf form. There is no reason left to pretend at being human, not until he smells Hannibal Lecter for the first time.

Hannibal is perfectly fine being alone.

His wolf form is exclusively for nights of the full moon, staring up at the light of it and howling out his grief for a lost pack he has no need to remake. That is until he sees the young wolf on a leash.

The smell is hard to mistake even after having not experienced it in so long. The wolf's human apologizes when Hannibal's jacket is pulled in a rough tug between the pup's teeth, eyes searching him in surprise as he pets over the wolf's muzzle before leaving.

The first time Hannibal smells the wolf again is less than two hours later, a faint scent through his open window as he's drawing. He looks up and sees movement out of the corner of his eye, standing and walking towards the window only to watch the trees move as if they've just been ran through.

A week later the infuriating scent begins to overtake his senses on a daily basis until he can no longer stand the distance between them. He sets out his first cuts of meat outside where he can just barely see the wolf come into view. The size is small for one of his kind, though the diet of pet food would have severely stunted his growth depending on how long he has spent domesticated.

Hannibal soon discovers the wolf roaming around his home looking for more nearly every evening, leaving his own scent across the meal to warn off other animals from attempting to take it and finding himself unable to not check his pup is well fed.

The rain is a surprise as Hannibal leaves his latest victim, checking his watch with surprise to see how late it is. The drive takes longer than he expects, hoping his wolf will decide to stay home this evening for the weather.

He steps one foot inside and hears the whimpering, faint but hard to miss as he heads for the back door to find the wolf soaked and shivering on back porch.

"I apologize," he sighs and leans down to touch but the wolf steps back again, "I will get you what you have come for."

The cooler containing the heart of his latest kill is still sitting on the counter as he enters the kitchen and Hannibal finds himself wishing to share it with other wolf. The bloody muscle makes a path to the door, he sees the wolf is still shivering in the rain as he gets closer to the back door but the scent of blood in the air makes the young pup come closer without thought.

“For you,” he offers, kneeling and delighting in the gentle tug of teeth against his fingers when the heart is snatched from his hands.

The young wolf devours it, growling and messy in his haste. Hannibal slowly attempts to touch the wolf’s head and is rewarded with permission, the pressing up into his palm as he pets and when the change comes he is not very surprised to see the young wolf is even more beautiful in his human form.

“More,” his pup whimpers, shivering and nude as he licks at Hannibal’s fingers.

Hannbal smiles as his hand is nuzzled, a reward earned through instinct for the first time in many years. “I will give youmore,” he promises, breathing in the scent of them both, “Anything you wish for.”

The young wolf throws himself at Hannibal’s chest, his eyes full of a longing Hannibal cannot look away from.

“More, I want more, I want…” he crawls into Hannibal’s lap and whimpers, “I want more.”

“Anything, little one,” he pets down across the wolf’s cheek, “You are shivering, let me find you something dry off with.”

He attempts to leave, gently stepping away only for the pup to snarl in response and tighten his hold growling out, “No. No, no, no.”

Hannibal’s hand comes to the pup’s head, petting softly, “I will return, do not worry for that.”

The pup whimpers and clutches at him tighter, not letting go so they head into bathroom together as he gets a towel attempting to dry the cold rain away. “I would bathe you,” he prods, still touching the feeling an addiction now, “Would you allow me?”

“Bath?”

He nods and just as he feared the wolf scrambles to get away, nearly rushing from the room as he goes after him. The wolf did not get far, his hunger winning out over the fear Hannibal is sure. “I will not,” he promises, reaching out a hand that is touched again by a nuzzling cheek, “Your name?”

The wolf blinks in surprise. “Buddy,” he says with a whisper, hand going no doubt to feel for the collar Hannibal knows broke during his shift.

“Your real name, pup, the one your pack gave you.”

The word sparks alarm in his beautiful face, head shaking as he says, “No, no, no, I’m not him, no!”

He reaches out softly to take the wolf to his chest, shushing and soothing with sounds hoping to calm the pup down. “It is all right,” he pets softly, “Everything is all right.”

Hannibal cannot repress a shiver as he feels the wolf's nose at his neck, scenting him already like they are already pack. He presses a kiss to the wolf's forehead. "Tell me."

"Will," the wolf says, his voice thick as Hannibal feels tears on his skin, "They called me Will."

"Hello, Will. My name is Hannibal."

Hannigram AU: Stranger on the Street

Will pulled his coat closer to him, the chill in the air making him wish he'd brought a better coat, though he hadn't expected to get kicked out of the apartment at six am after a poor decision of a one night stand, but that was his own fault really.

His friends had all been adamant that it was his birthday, he needed to finally get laid for the first time in nearly seven months and the first pretty face that came up to him was Matthew Brown's.

They'd talked and shared, flirted and flattered, and went back to Matt's place for a night that now was a complete blur in Will's head.

He sighed, hurriedly trying to get to the bus stop, when a voice called out, "You have the look of someone regretting his life decisions," promptly making him turn around.

The man in question was leaning against a car, probably not his own, smoking and wearing a beanie that looked like it belonged on someone half his age. But he made it look horribly attractive.

"Not that it's any of your business," Will muttered, continuing on.

"You seem like you did not get the satisfaction you wished for last evening, I imagine your partner was very selfish and quite boorish."

Will snapped back, "Like you?"

The man laughed, taking another drag. "I am rarely boorish, and have never been accused of being selfish…where it matters."

He looked Will up and down, the cold of the morning no longer a factor when there were such burning eyes on him.

"I…I'm gonna miss the bus."

The man tossed his cigarette to the ground, and stomped on it.

"I have a vehicle, I could give you a ride."

Will licked his lips, swallowing as he sighed, "I have no idea who you are."

The man walked to where he'd stopped, holding out his hand for Will to take.

"Hannibal Lecter."

Will took it, the warmth coming off of Hannibal made him foolishly want to burrow closer. "Will Graham."

Hannibal took Will's offered hand to his lips, "Would you like a ride, Will Graham?"

Will sighed, "I guess it couldn't hurt to take a ride, since you're offering."

Hannibal grinned.

Hannigram AU: The Shining

Will Graham does not want to return to The Overlook Hotel but feels like he has no choice when he hears there's going to be a reopening. His father murdered his mother there nearly twenty years ago because of the ghosts that he knows still prey there and they want nothing more than his return.

Hannibal Lecter is angry. He never got the boy with the gift and he knows the other spirits will attempt to take Will before he can. When the boy arrives all grown up he rethinks his options from kill and take to seduce and own.

Will was breathless, his hand reaching out for Hannibal who he knew was not really there but desperately wanted him to be.

"Fuck," he gasped, feeling cum in his boxers and knowing that somewhere one of the ghosts that killed his parents was smiling.

"You won't get me," he whispered, part of him hoping for Hannibal when he closed his eyes but desperately wishing that the ghost wouldn't be there at all.

Immediately Hannibal was there, hands on his face and smiling down at him.

"You can't outrun me, sweet boy. Not here."

Will groaned, letting himself be pulled in.

Will shivered, hands coming to Hannibal's shoulders as he breathed, "I wasn't running."

Hannibal leaned down to Will's ear to whisper, "You were, you've been running for years and now," he pressed his lips to Will's cheek, "You do not have to any longer," he kissed a path across Will's cheek and down to his neck.

Will sighed, leaning up to each and every touch of lips. "I," he moaned as Hannibal bit into his skin, "Please, just let me go."

Hannibal lifted his head and stared, his eyes narrowing at Will in anger. "You expect me to give you up again? I would have consumed you wholly when you were young, taken you in and obliterated every part that makes you a person," he put his hand on Will's throat, "You are lucky to be alive."

Will struggled for breath and his hands squeezed tight to Hannibal's cheeks as he choked, "You're," he coughed, "Hurting me."

Hannibal let him go, seeming surprised at himself as he spoke, "Any harm I inflict upon you is nothing compared to what the others wish for you."

Will put his eyes on his neck, tears stinging his eyes as he spat, “I’m not afraid of any of you.”

Hannibal smiled, bending to kiss Will softly as he whispered, “Liar,” he sighed, “It is no matter, as I do not care for your permission. I want to make every inch of you mine whether you wish for it or not.”

Will trembled when suddenly there was no clothing between them, the press of flesh on flesh felt so real even though he knew it wasn’t.

None of this was real.

“You’d rather force me? Like you did my father?”

Hannibal paused, his hand on Will’s chest. “I did not wish for this closeness with your father.”

Will felt tears in his eyes as he spat, “But you took him, you had him kill her and you…”

Hannibal’s hand to his lips cut off his words, the frown on the ghost’s face as he looked into Will’s eyes surprised them both. “I did take your father, Will,” he pulled his hand away, “I do not regret the sacrifice if it has led us to this moment.”

Will felt such anger suddenly, pushing up with both hands onto Hannibal’s chest and turning them over. He stared down at Hannibal, his eyes narrowed.

“If you want me completely,” he reached out and touched Hannibal’s chin, “If you wish for every inch of me to be yours,” he pressed his lips just shy of Hannibal’s mouth, “Then you do not want me this way.”

He could feel the trembling in the monster beneath him and tried not to enjoy it, the sudden warmth in his eyes was almost more alarming than the anger.

“No, I do not,” Hannibal confessed.

Will woke up with a gasp.

Hannigram AU: Single Dad Hannibal & Babysitter Will

Will Graham never thought he'd take to babysitting so well, seeing as how he hates interacting with people. But kids are different. They don't mind when he doesn't want to talk and he doesn't find it hard to look them in the eyes. When he first starts watching Francis Lecter he thinks the kid is quiet but well behaved. It's one of the easiest jobs he's ever done really until he realized after too long just how much he liked Dr. Lecter. Now he's trying not to blush and sure Dr. Lecter can see just how much he wants him.

Hannibal Lecter is a single father of a very troubled seven year old. When he first hires the new sitter he doesn't think much of young Will, quiet and polite as he is. After a while, they grow closer bonding over late night discussions after Francis goes to bed and shared love of literature. Hannibal knows it's wrong but can't stop himself from wondering just what sort of sounds Will would make if he touched him.

"Doctor Lecter, can I ask you something?" Will inquired, looking like he'd rather do anything but.

"Of course, Will."

Will looked down at his lap, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly before continuing. "What happened to your wife?"

Hannibal was somewhat startled, not expecting the question. "Bedelia? She passed, shortly after Francis was born."

"She was sick?"

Hannibal's grip on his glass tightened.

"No."

Will's eyes widened. "You…did something to her?"

Hannibal was silent for a moment before replying with a sigh. "Bedelia was not a fit mother for my child, Will. I did what was necessary to protect my son."

Will's eyes narrowed and darkened at his words. "Good."

Hannibal licked his mouth before swallowing. "Will…"

"If she deserved it, I'm glad you did it. Some people don't deserve to live."

Hannibal could do nothing in response but kiss him.

Will was shocked, stock still as Dr. Lecter kissed him. He didn't react fast enough before the older man pulled away, mumbling, "I apologize, Will, that was very inappropriate."

Will touched his mouth. “You kissed me.”

Hannibal sighed, “As of late, I have been harboring very wrong feelings toward you, and I could not help my…”

Will jumped at him, pressing Hannibal back into the couch as he licked at his mouth, sloppy inexperienced kisses that spoke of his youth but somehow made Hannibal that much more eager. He put his hands on Will’s cheeks, turning him down into the couch and laying himself over Will gasping, “Will…”

Panting, Will moaned, “Don’t stop, god, please, don’t…”

Hannibal kissed him again, his fingers inching under the collar of Will’s t-shirt and when he felt the young man’s hardness against his pant leg he pulled back to smile, “I do not want to stop, not ever,” he caressed Will’s cheek, “You are so beautiful, it almost hurts to look at you.”

Will whined, pulling him closer as their lips came together again, moaning as the friction of their movement made his hardness brush against Hannibal’s own. Hannibal parted their lips and began moving south just as a shrill beeping filled the air.

Will cursed, “Shit,” he moved Hannibal off and sat up, answering, “Hey, dad, I’m just about to leave.”

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s cheek, then his neck, biting and licking at the edge of his collarbone as he pressed him down again to the couch.

“I,” Will sighed as he lifted up the t-shirt covering the young man’s chest, “I’ll be ho…” Hannibal’s tongue came around a very pert nipple, “I…I might just…I might stay at Bev’s tonight? If I can?”

Hannibal smiled, spreading kisses down his torso, “I,” Will sighed, “Yeah, she’s upset her girl,” Will bit back a moan as he began licking his belly button, “Friend broke up with her. Yeah. Okay. I’ll see you tomorrow. Yeah. Bye!”

Will hung up the phone and let out a loud moan as Hannibal began licking just above his groin, “Fuck, that was my dad, if he,” he whined, “God, he probably thought I was with a girl.”

Hannibal bit at his skin, unbuttoning his jeans slowly, “Is that so? Is there a girl in your life, Will?” he asked, trying to hide the biting jealousy that was overtaking him as he put his hand over Will’s clothed cock delighting as Will cried out.

“No, I…” he was panting, “God, no, I couldn’t stop thinking about,” he bit his lip as Hannibal exposed his hardness and took him in hand, “You, god only you.”

“Good,” Hannibal said, engulfing Will’s cock past his lips in reward, feeling the deep body shudder that overtook the younger man as he did.

“Guhhh…” Will moaned nonsense words as he licked him, nuzzling and stroking as he went and when Will’s cum filled his mouth Hannibal moaned as he attempted to drink it all down greedily.
Will was panting hard as he came down from his peak, his eyes glazed as he sighed, “God, I’ve never…I….god….”

Hannibal moved up Will’s body, smiling down at him, “You have never had anyone do that for you before?”

Will shook his head and Hannibal kissed him without words, spreading Will’s taste to them both and when they pulled apart he took Will’s hand to his own hardness, “Will…”

Will licked his lips, “I can…”

Hannibal undid his belt, taking Will’s hand to bring it into his own briefs, “Just touch me, Will, just touch me.”

Will did, staring down as he moved his hand, his eyes heavy lidded as he asked, “Do you like that? I…”

Hannibal kissed his cheek, “I like you, any way I can get you.”

When he came under Will’s ministrations it was with a deep groan, his tongue in the younger man’s mouth and when Will licked at his fingers Hannibal kissed him again, over and over.

They lay in each other’s arms after, Hannibal breathing Will in as he whispered, “I am happy that you decided to stay the evening.”

Will laughed, “You made it hard for me to do anything else.”

Hannibal kissed Will’s temple and whispered, “I hope you will not feel strange, continuing to look after Francis.”

Will frowned, “No, I,” he blushed, “No, I love Francis, and I…I love you.”

Hannibal smiled, kissing his cheek, “I am very fond of you too, Will. truly.”

Will said nothing, pressing his nose into Hannibal’s neck.

It wasn’t long after that the younger man fell asleep, and Hannibal carried him to share his bed. He would not have it any other way.

Hannigram AU: High Stakes

Will Graham was in over his head.

He needed money and he needed it now, and the high stakes game of poker he'd heard so much about seemed like the easiest way to get the money to save his little sister.

Will isn't the worst poker player, but he isn't the best either, but he knows he can win at least something to get the money he needs.

When he first sees Hannibal Lecter, the man side eyes him warily and calls him, "Little one," but Will says nothing back even as the other players laugh. He ends up surprising them all and it's down to him and the man with the scar but Will doesn't have enough to put in for the final raise.

Hannibal offers a solution.

"Yourself, for the evening."

Will swallows back fear, nodding once as he takes the offered hand that hangs between them sealing his fate.

He loses, not for lack of trying, his eyes filled with tears as he follows the stranger to a hotel room where he expects pain, instead receiving nothing but pleasure.

Will wakes to an envelope full of money and a note that reads simply:

I expect you need this more than I do.

H

He uses the money inside for his sister's operation, still very grateful and confused even weeks after his encounter with the gambler.

There is nothing but curiosity that brings him back, sitting across from Hannibal once more who seems surprised than ever to see him back again.

"I assumed you had gotten what you wanted, laimingas."

Will stares him down, "No, I came back for something else."

Hannibal gets extra cards, smirking as he eyes the room. "Ready to give yourself to me once more?"

Will glares, "No, I'm ready for you to give yourself to me."

Hannibal's smile widens.

“May the best man win.”

Will is shaking with anger as he stares, feeling the rest of the players’ eyes on him but only staring at Hannibal as he says, “Give me two.”

The dealer gives him two and it's a decent hand, no doubt, but he doesn’t think it’ll win. Not with this crowd. “I raise fifty,” he lies, smirking like he’s got more than he does.

He and Hannibal exchange a look, the others at the table laughing like Will did something amusing but Hannibal says, “You must have quite the hand to raise in so soon.”

Will licks his lips. “Wouldn’t be raising if I didn’t, would I?”

Hannibal’s hands curl around his cards tighter and Will remembers the feeling of them on his belly, his lips kissing down his inner thigh as he got closer and closer. He can feel his cheeks redden and looks down at his hand, the flop coming up.

His hand is useless now, he can hear several curses and some others fold but only he and Hannibal stay in along with one other, a man who keeps ordering martinis and eyeing the bar.

“Your mind wanders,” Hannibal teases, his fingers fingering the cards, “I wonder what it is that occupies it.”

Will tries to look away again, “Imagining you on your knees for me.”

“Hannibal wouldn’t get on his knees for anyone,” the martini man says, “Though I’m sure you would look quite splendid on yours.”

Will laughs even as he blushes, the two of them sharing a look as Hannibal growls out, “Would someone raise the next card or are we not playing a game?”

Will raises another fifty, the martini man still in as Hannibal raises to one hundred fifty.

The remainder of his chips, and what Will expects is more than martini man has.

“Well, it’s been fun gentlemen,” he throws his cards down, “If you’ll excuse me.”

When he’s gone Will says, “You didn’t have to do that.”

Hannibal sips at his wine, “I have exceptionally good cards, Will, and I would do just about anything for this hand,” he says, laying down another chip, “Anything.”

Will lets out a breath and says, “Fold, then.”

He sees a hesitation as Hannibal looks at his hand, the pot, and then Will.

“Will, that is…what’s the pot now? A hundred thousand?”

Will looks to his hand and says, “If you would do anything…”

Hannibal throws down his cards and growls, “I fold,” as Will throws his over and shows his three of a kind.

He doesn’t expect Hannibal’s laughter, or the dealer sliding over what is more money than he’s ever seen in his life. Will barely even looks at it.

“Hannibal.”

Hannibal rubs his chin, eyeing the pot and then Will, “I believe I got the better end of this. An evening at your mercy.”

Will swallows, “You…”

Hannibal reaches into his pocket and throws a card to Will, standing and coming to Will’s side to whisper, “I will meet you in room 1102. Congratulations.”

Hannigram AU: I Hate Valentine's Day

Chapter Summary

This one had two chapters but I didn't think it needed it's own page?

Will Graham hates Valentine’s Day.

It’s just a stupid made up holiday that big corporations use to make money and there is no reason whatsoever to ever celebrate it. He doesn’t care for cards, has very little use for chocolate, and flowers? Yeah he doesn’t do flowers.

Hannibal Lecter is not looking for love.

He enjoys his life with such little complication and attachment that romance is the last thing he wants. When he sees the man standing in the rain late one evening Hannibal slows down and offers the stranger a ride, not asking any questions.

When they see each other again it’s late at a gas station, the man in the rain scowling at a display of Valentine cards for sale. Hannibal offers, “Not a fan of valentines?”

The man turns, surprised to see him and blushes as he says, “Not really no.”

“Pity,” Hannibal says, taking his receipt, “Everyone should believe in romance.”

The man laughs, “Romance? Corporate shilling and money grubbing, really? Restricting romance to just one day a year…”

Hannibal cuts him off, “No one ever said to restrict romance to just one day a year. Valentine’s Day is just the day that it’s universally accepted to show it. Some of us,” he looks the man over, “Would show romance to their partner all year long.”

The man blushes deeper, “Well, I’ve never really been a fan of romance in general.”

Hannibal holds out his hand, “Dr. Hannibal Lecter. I think since I have had the pleasure of chauffeuring you that should at the very least earn me your name.”

The man smiles, “Will Graham.”

Hannibal asks, “Are you busy this evening, Will?”

The question seems to surprise Will, who actually tells the truth though even he seems shocked that he does. “No.”

“Would you accompany me to dinner?”

Will shakes his head, “I’m not really interested in…”

Hannibal takes his hand, kissing the knuckles. “I would like to show you a taste of true romance, if only for an evening.”

Will grins, “Really, it’s not my thing.”

“Please?”

Will sighs, though his smile does not disappear, “Okay. I’ll let you show me. Don’t expect me to like it.”

Hannibal lets go of his hand, reaching into his pocket to hand Will a business card writing his cell phone number on the back of it. “I will allow you to call me, to let me know if you change your mind. I only hope that you do not, and expect nothing.”

He turns to leave at those words, a smile on his face as he imagines this game of romance he may be able to play with someone who does not the value of true romance.

When Will texts him in the car with, ‘Where do you plan on taking me?’

Hannibal texts, ‘My home, if you are comfortable with that.’

Will calls him, Hannibal picking up immediately.

“You promised to not expect anything.”

Hannibal smiles, his eyes searching the lot as he spots Will’s car.

“I am not, I just happen to believe the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.”

Will laughs, “Okay. Tell me the address.”

Hannibal does, smiling to himself as he leaves Will with, “I will see you this evening, Mr. Graham.”

“See you at seven thirty, Dr. Lecter.”

He cannot wait to see what indeed makes Will Graham’s heart beat faster, and hardly notices that his own is speeding up in anticipation of a different kind of hunt.

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Will was sitting across from him looking increasingly awkward, fiddling with the edge of his shirt as he said, “This is weird.”

Hannibal poured the wine, “How so?”

Will laughed, “I’m not, I’ve been on dates before but this is probably the fanciest thing I’ve ever put in my mouth,” he gestured to the table where Hannibal had put out an elaborate bouquet he’d created earlier that morning, “And that, I’ve never even seen flowers like that before and you, you’re…it’s overwhelming.”

Hannibal frowned, “I apologize, I was just adhering to our agreement. It is not yet Valentine’s Day, but I had hoped this evening would make you less averse to the idea of spending the holiday with me.”

Will sighed, “You don’t even know me.”

“I would like to,” Hannibal confessed, taking a bite of the foie gras he’d made from the liver of a postal worker killed fresh only the day before.

Will took a bite of his food and moaned, closing his eyes, “Christ, this is fantastic.”

Hannibal smiled, “I am happy you’re enjoying it.”

Will licked his lips after he’d swallowed, sighing deeply, “Best thing I’ve ever eaten.”

“Yet, Will, you have no idea what I have in store for the remainder of the evening.”

Will reached out for his wine glass, his eyes never leaving Hannibal’s own as he took a long sip. He licked his lips again, feeling warm just watching the way the other man seemed to be focused on him so completely.

“I can’t wait. Are you going to show me proper romance?”

Hannibal took a sip of his own wine, smirking as he set it down.

“This is only just a preview for what I would show you, if given the opportunity.”

Will laughed, “Well I have to say I’m disappointed, there’s not even any…”

Hannibal suddenly reached into his suit pocket and pulled out a remote, pressing down as music filled the room.

His smirk made Will unable to do anything but grin. “Music.”

Hannibal went back to his meat, cutting it as he said, “As I have said, this is merely a preview.”

Will looked down at his food, the elaborate floral bouquet in between them, and the mood lighting that seemed to be at play. “I can’t wait to see the real thing.”

Hannibal stabbed his meat, “There are many things I cannot wait to show you, Will. Does that mean you are not averse to spending the holiday with me?”

Will swallowed, “No, I think…I might be up for it.”

Hannibal brought the fork to his mouth, chewing as Will watched him and when he licked his lips Will found unable to look away.

“What’s next?” Will asked, trying to lighten the mood, “You seem to be able to pretty prepared for someone who knew nothing about me even coming over till a few hours ago.”

Hannibal stood up, “I have dessert planned, and I was hoping you would allow me the pleasure of a dance.”

Will blushed, “I…that sounds pretty tame.”

Hannibal reached over to take his plate, “I have not yet told you what we would be dancing to.”

Will’s interest piqued as Hannibal disappeared through the door to the kitchen, wondering just what it was he had agreed to and if this was merely a preview what would it feel like to be truly wooed by Hannibal Lecter?

He had a feeling he was going to find out very soon.

Hannigram AU: Daddy's Little Monster

The first time they meet, he is very small. Will is only a child when he stares up at a monster who pets his head and calls him, “Little monster.”

Is he a monster?

He doesn’t feel like the son of Santa Claus should, not jolly or even remotely happy at times and the only thing that makes him smile is the puppy that was left under the tree during his eleventh Christmas.

The puppy’s name is Mylimasis.

Will calls him Myli.

His father isn’t too happy but relents when Will’s mother speaks to him about, pointing out, “It’s just a dog, love. Please. I haven’t seen him smile that way in such a long time.”

So Myli stays, growing up as Will does and he doesn’t meet the monster again until months before his nineteenth Christmas.

Every year Santa met with the Krampus before Christmas, coordinating their holiday plans making certain their lists line up.

Will had never been in the house for any of the meetings since the one so long ago.

Until now.

The minute he sees the man with horns speaking with his father a memory flashes in his mind, remembering staring up into those same yellow eyes.

‘Little monster.’

Will feels a rush of warmth at the sight.

His father’s normal jolly demeanor is sour seeing the reason his guest’s attention is wandering, looking between them when Will says, “Hello.”

“Will, this is the Kra…”

The man with the horns takes Will’s hand softly, not shaking but even Will can tell the monster is restraining himself from pressing his lips to Will’s skin.

“Hannibal,” the stranger, the Krampus Will realizes now, says.

“Nice to meet you.”

They both know this isn’t a first meeting.

He lets go and steps away, feeling those eyes on him still all the way down the hall and even up the stairs.

Was he a monster?

Will rests his hands on his head, feeling for horns he knows aren't there.

He wishes they were.

Hannigram AU: The Hunter and the Werewolf

Hannibal Lecter is a hunter.

He's a skilled precise killer, never wavers once he sets his sights on something and when he first sees the stag he knows it will be his.

Until the wolf.

The wolf takes to following him on his hunt, scaring away the stag when he's near and soon it's a game of wills who will be bested first.

He is surprised when the wolf does not attack at all just a deep growl in annoyance at his continued presence as they chase.

When Hannibal hits the deer cleanly he pauses before heading to take his trophy, conceding the kill to his hunter companion.

He sees the wolf the next morning, though this time they seem to have built an accord. He stalks and the wolf takes down, at one point stopping to share a kill with him.

Hannibal is tempted to take his new companion home with him.

The last day of his hunting trip he hopes to see the wolf again but finds himself alone.

Worry is what leads him to the blood.

The wolf is injured, shot, and he does the only thing he can think of: he picks his wolf up and takes it to his cabin for doctoring.

Hannibal stays for two more days and cares for the wolf as if a pet. On the evening before he is to leave, Hannibal takes off the bandage the wolf licks his hand. He smiles.

"You are quite strange."

The growl he gets in response makes him bare his own teeth.

"You are not the only one with teeth, little one."

The wolf seems almost sheepish. Hannibal pets its head and leaves to bed only to discover a young man in his companion's place come morning.

The same blue eyes, the same scar on his abdomen, and the same bared teeth at his approach.

"It appears you are even stranger than I assumed."

Basic Chickens: Hate to Love You

What fresh hell was this.

Adam Towers felt like a failure at thirty.

Working for a magazine was such a step down for him after everything it had taken to get to the top, but moving away had done more than give him a fresh start. It had given him a lot less clout in the newspaper industry.

No one cared that he was an investigative reporter for some paper in London, at least not in the US. The industry was dying, digital was the way to go, so when he took the job at Persona it was because there was nothing else to take.

A magazine job was one thing, even with a recurring feature, but to make matters worse, they required him to come into the office every day.

And they meant every day, not just once in a great while.

So the night before his first day, he turned on three alarms: his phone, the clock and his coffee pot.

Which made it that much more of a feat that he was still late.

Adam was so rushed that he ran into someone the minute he came through the door. The man had been carrying several papers, the majority flying everywhere.

“Oh hell, I’m sorry!” Adam said, breathless, “I have to…shit, I’m sorry!”

He didn’t stop, even as the man yelled out while he passed.

It wasn’t like they would see each other again.

Mr. Lecter looked at him with narrowed eyes when he came into the meeting late, not acknowledging him but the glare was enough to make others notice.

He was given a shit assignment on investigating the church’s apparent involvement in a scandal that was more than unsubstantiated, but it was better than he heard others get so he kept his mouth shut.

When the meeting ended Adam gritted his teeth through an apology, red faced and angry that he had to at all, but it seemed to be enough.

“I look forward to seeing you bright and early tomorrow,” were the last words he spoke with the editor, clearly a dismissal.

The rest of the day was a chore, feigning friendly smiles and wishing he had headphones on to drown out the noise while he looked for potential sources.

He headed to the elevator that evening dead tired and not even remotely interested in following up on his list.

So much for a carefree live in New York.

Elias Thanatos was an amazing writer.

He had been living in New York City for almost two years now, a job at the Farmer's Quarterly having been desperate for him to write for them.

His editor, Will Graham, seemed more than happy to keep him writing about chickens every issue and he loved his job. Elias looked forward to going into the office everyday, greeting his coworkers and answering problems as The Chicken Whisperer.

Until the Man in the Green Scarf.

The first time he had met the Man in the Green Scarf, Elias had been shocked at the rudeness of bumping into him but not offering to help clean up the mess.

He had spent several minutes on his hands and knees, picking up the papers only to be so late that Mr. Graham cut his column by a page for Froideveaux's cow piece. Elias had argued his was much more interesting, but Will would not hear his excuses.

Elias broke the cow trophy on Franklyn's desk in retaliation, but made sure no one saw him.

He saw the Man in the Green Scarf again that very evening riding down in the elevator. He refused to accept a very poor apology and hoped to never see such a rude person again.

Except after that it seemed like the Scarf Man was all Elias did see.

He saw him in Starbucks, flirting with an obviously annoyed barista judging by the way the woman's cheeks turned red and she couldn't seem to meet Scarf Man's eyes.

He saw him getting pizza across the street, joking with coworkers and again touching all over the server who handed him a paper at the end of their meal which may or may not have contained a phone number.

He saw him on the subway, sitting down on the other end of the car, and smiling as he mouthed along to a song on his headphones.

Elias ignored the tiny flutter in his belly the whole ride home, cock heavy between his legs, and couldn't help imagining that smile when pleasuring himself that very night.

A month went by before they came face to face again, this time in the men's bathroom stall at a bar not far from Elias's apartment.

He had met nothing but the worst people in bars for the last two years, mostly rude pigs that did not deserve his attention in the first place. The woman tonight had been extremely rude and really very ugly, he must have been too tired to notice until she started to laugh.

Elias was stroking his penis after, eyes closed tight as he fought to breathe. He bit his lip to keep from making noise when he heard someone come inside, a laugh that seemed familiar. “Why do you take me to these bars, Kyle?”

“Because you’re cock hungry and this is the best place to find the worst types.”

They both laughed and Elias immediately thought of Scar Man’s face, his smile and came so hard he could not help his moan.

“I think he’s talking to you.”

Elias hurried to clean his hands, flushing the toilet and wiping himself before standing. He could get out very fast and neither man would notice, he was sure of it.

He stepped one foot out and came face to face with The Man in the Green Scarf.

“The Man in White,” his smile was wide, “Are you going to let me apologize now?”

Elias did the only thing he could do. “Never,” he pushed past, “Excuse me.”

He could feel eyes on him and his cheeks burned, his hand washing less than subpar.

If he was lucky, he’d never see that man again.

He wasn’t so lucky.

DraLee AU: Backstage Pass

Lee was in love with the lyrics, long before he fell in love with Draco.

The first time he heard the beginning lyrics of "Not Just a Man," Lee was walking to school, eager as hell to start his last week of senior year if only because he was hoping to finish before he showed the effects of the chemo.

He sat down on the side of the road, the lyrics burning into him, and felt more empowered than ever to not care in the fucking slightest if people could tell the bags under his eyes weren't from partying.

Lee walked out of school that day and was determined to see Draco sing live before he died.

Draco was ready to call it quits during the last rung of the "A God in You" tour, sick and tired of all the bullshit that came with stardom.

He half waved getting into his bus, flopping down onto his bed and wishing the next ten cities were over already.

"Long night?"

Draco groaned, pressing hands tight to his eyes. "Every damn night is a long…"

He peered out through splayed fingers, the sight that greeted him was not what he expected.

The naked young thing displaying himself across from him, guitar in a very unfortunate place, was not the first to ever break into his bus. Fourteen years of tours, groupies had been a near constant.

But this one.

"You're trespassing, little boy."

His naked companion smirked.

"I am not little," he lifted the guitar and Draco took in the sight of him fully, "not a little boy either. I can get my license if…"

Draco grinned, "I believe you, though I really…"

The naked nymph rolled towards him, the scent of cheap cologne and even cheaper body wash making Draco more excited than it should.

He was forty goddamn years old and this kid had to be nineteen at the oldest, possibly eighteen.

"Draco," the nymph whispered, his eagerness quite fucking evident against Draco's stomach.

Draco touched his cheek, “Your name, little nymph?”

Another smile.

He was so fucking beautiful.

“Lee,” his hands shook as they started to undo Draco’s belt, “My name is Lee.”

Much later, with that name tattooed on his arm, Draco stood on the edge of a cliff holding an urn.

He smiled, his hand caressing the outside of it like he’d once done to his beautiful nymph’s skin.

“It’s time to send you home, Nymph. I hope you’re more ready than I am.”

Hannigram AU: It

When Will was young, the only place he found much joy was with his friends: Beverly, Jimmy, Alana, Brian, Jack, and Margot. The seven of them weren't well liked in school then, The Loser's Club, but none of them cared.

His parents were not very strict, but they weren't exactly warm and most of his best memories were of fishing in the pond with his younger sister, Abigail.

After Abigail was taken, Will remembers his mother left and his father barely spoke.

Will's explanation fell on deaf ears, no one believed him about the man in the clown suit, not even his friends. Until someone took Bella, and Jack was determined to find her.

They didn't find her, but they stopped It.

Or so they'd thought.

Will felt the fear rise up in him, fighting not to show It just how scared he was.

The cold breath on his cheek made him close his eyes.

"You've grown up so well, my cunning boy," the icy touch of long dead fingers made him sob, "But look where that has gotten you. Alone, all alone."

Will opened his eyes, smiling even as tears blurred his vision.

"I'm not alone."

The wide smile got in return was chilling.

"No, I suppose not. Though I have been here waiting, right where you left me."

Will shivered as the monster he had pretended to forget leaned in and licked his cheek.

"They all float down here, Will, and you will too. I promise you that."

Hannigram AU: The Alpha's Mate

The Garoux pack was run on several ongoing traditions but only two were the most closely followed.

They had the same Alpha until the previous died, be it in combat or of old age.

The Alpha mate was chosen at random. Those who caught the Alpha's eye were blessed to live in luxury for seven years till a new mate was chosen.

Or so it had been before Will Graham.

The Lecter massacre had made Hannibal Alpha fourteen years ago as he was the only survivor among them. He had chosen young Graham by chance meeting, a skirmish on the street in which Will refused to bare his neck.

He then refused to go to the Alpha at all, having to be formally escorted. Over the next seven years their pack watched the Alpha pursue his mate.

Will did not seem to care for his mate at all, surprising everyone when he chased out the Alpha's choice tearing poor Kristina to shreds.

For the next seven years, Garoux flourished with their leaders so in love. Surely the Alpha would not replace Will.

Then Warren received a handwritten note from Alpha Hannibal.

You are Chosen.

"You can run."

Warren heard the words echo in his head when he walked up to the door of the Alpha's home.

His sister had been sobbing when he left, cursing him and for good reason.

He was a coward.

Everyone knew running wasn't even an option, not really.

Seven years ago Kristina had tried, and her death had been terrible, had looked so horribly brutal.

Warren couldn't die like that.

The door opened before he could knock, the bloodshot look of the alpha's eyes making him pause.

"Alpha Hannibal?"

A growl. “You.”

He was pulled in by his shirt front and slammed into the wall so hard he cried out.

“YOU DID THIS! YOU! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO KILL YOU!”

Warren whimpered, shaking, “I’m sorry! I…”

He was let go just as abruptly as he’d been grabbed, falling to the floor hard.

The alpha paced back and forth, mumbling to himself as Warren took in the state of the house.

Chaos.

Broken vases and artwork, overturned tables, and the scent of blood in the air.

The one thing he did not smell was the reason he had been so frightened to come to the door.

“Will.”

The alpha paused, turning to look at him slowly. His eyes were glowing yellow and angry. “You dare speak his name?”

Warren shrunk back as the alpha turned and began staking towards him. “I didn’t mean…”

“He left.”

Warren whimpered. “He isn’t supposed to?”

A growl, “Forever, he left forever. Finished playing the game. Those were the words written on the note.”

Warren swallowed back the fear bubbling up to the surface, “I’m sorry.”

Hannibal stood in front of him, his face dangerously close. “You should be,” he reached out to touch Warren’s cheek, “He would’ve made it much quicker than I will.”

Warren could not see for the tears that welled up, shaking his head. “Please, please don’t.”

The sudden transformation was halted as the alpha let him go, the distinct scent of Will filling Warren’s nose though he could not see him. Warren sobbed, scrambling to his feet as he ran, only for the Alpha’s mate claw dig in hard when grabbing his arm.

“You run away, it will only make it worse,” he whispered, “Didn’t they tell you that?”

“Will…”

The Alpha was smiling, his eyes teary. Warren could barely breathe, stopping his struggle when Will’s arm came around his waist.

“This is the last. Do you hear me?”

The Alpha nodded, “Yes.”

“Fuck tradition. You know who belongs to who now, don’t you?”

Hannibal knelt and presented his neck. Warren felt the low appreciative growl go right through him.

“Damn straight.”

Warren was let go, the euphoric glee of freedom stopped short when the Alpha grabbed for his leg and pulled him down. Warren screamed as his throat tore, clogging blood blocked every struggle for breath and his last image was of the chosen mate touching the Alpha on the head.

“Mine.”

Royale Instinct AU: The Christmas Kiss

Royale Instinct AU: The Christmas Kiss

Adam still remembered the warmth of his breath, the smell of his aftershave, and the scratchy feel of stubble across his cheek as was kissed in the hallway of the Mayor's Annual Jingle Ball this time a year ago.

He hadn't known his Christmas kiss, the darkness had made it virtually impossible for him to see the man's face but he remembered his voice and taste so often it was growing rather pathetic.

Trying to guess the identity of his mystery kisser was the only thing making returning to this boring thing a second year interesting. He fake smiled and danced with socialites just the same while scanning the room. Was anyone watching him as he was them? After a few hours even that seemed too hard a task so he instead proceeded to get very buzzed.

"Adam Towers!" he turned, seeing his boss Mr. Frances heading right for him. Adam hated Frankie Frances with a fiery passion but he was starting to get rather good at faking niceties.

"Mr. Frances," he stumbled over his boss's last name, "What a pleasant surprise."

He noticed a man had been trailing his boss, dark hair slicked back with a very interesting handsome face even with the scarred eye.

"I'd like to introduce you to the Mayor's special adviser, this is Mr. LeChiffre. Jean, this is Adam Towers. He's one of my best investigative reporters, joined the paper last year actually and has fit right in."

Adam sobered up almost instantly, the name synonymous with more than special advising. His boss was obviously much more stupid than Adam assumed. He held out his hand, "Hello."

The hand in his was warm, too warm, and when Mr. LeChiffre stepped in closer Adam was shocked to smell a scent that had haunted his dreams for the last twelve months.

"Hello Adam," Jean said with a smile, his voice making Adam shiver, "It is very nice to meet you."

Adam licked his lips, "Yes, it's…very nice."

Someone tapped Mr. Frances on the shoulder and whispered in his ear, his boss laughing as he excused himself from them mumbling something about the Mayor that Adam barely heard.

Jean stepped closer as soon as Frank was gone. "I take it by your silence that you recognize my voice?"

Adam nodded, “I couldn’t forget it, could I?”

A smirk, “I would say that is not a compliment but that would be a lie.”

Adam grabbed his hand and pulled, leading them towards the balcony doors. He was surprised to see it empty, though the chill was most likely the cause.

“You knew who I was.”

“Yes, though I will admit that the kiss was not planned.”

Adam laughed, “I’ve been wrecking myself over this and you’re just a gangster who somehow got in with the Mayor’s office. I…”

Jean stepped forward, “You know nothing of me, Mr. Towers. Just because I once appreciated helping rather unsavory people does not mean I still do. I…”

Adam laughed, “What does it matter? I know now! I don’t have to keep thinking that you were this…”

Jean grabbed his suit jacket, pulling him closer. “This what, may I ask?”

Adam licked his lips again, the scent making him quite flushed. “Fantasy. Something I’d missed out on.”

A smile, barely visible but Adam felt it in his cock. “You are so certain?”

Adam swallowed, throat suddenly dry. “Yes,” he smiled, “I am quite certain Mr. LeChiffre.”

Jean let him go, stepping back and smirking still. “Then I will not waste any more of your time, Adam. Have a good evening.”

He turned and headed for the door, opening it just as Adam grabbed his arm. “Wait.”

Adam stepped forward just as Jean turned, “Yes?”

“You’re not even going to argue your worth?”

Jean’s smile widened. “I am well aware of my worth, Adam. If you do not wish to become aware yourself, I will not force attention on you.”

Adam scoffed, “You…”

Jean looked up and Adam did the same, surprised to see nothing but caught off guard when Jean grabbed the front of his dress shirt pulling them together in a soft kiss.

It was tender, fulfilling, and when he pulled back Adam wished for him to continue. “I was certain there was mistletoe,” Jean teased, fixing the crooked tie that had been bothering him from the moment he’d been led to Adam, “My mistake.”

Adam grinned. “An honest mistake,” he straightened Jean’s tie though they both knew it was straight already, “I’m sure there will be plenty more this evening.”

Jean took his hand and kissed it softly, “I certainly hope that is the case. Dance with me?”

Adam nodded, “I’ll lead.”

“We’ll see.”

Royale Instinct AU: Last Christmas

Adam Towers was a fool no longer.

He still remembered the last words he heard Prince Jean Duran speak to him.

“Love does not factor into this and we both know it. My duty is to my kingdom not to you.”

Adam was shattered when the arrogant bloody prick left for his duty and sought comfort from anyone who would show him the time of day for nearly a month before he decided to do the next best thing:

Ignore it.

He went after every story, danced at every party, and even dated someone famous for a few months before he thought better of it.

Love was someone who had a heart and that no longer applied to him.

Jean Duran is in trouble.

The Prince fled his country after a coup de tete where they rebels kill his new wife and take over the castle because he’s “unfit” in their eyes. He thought he’d been so very careful but his dalliances had been found out and the blowback was immense.

The Future King was not supposed to be inviting men into his bed when his wife with her perfectly good womb waited for an heir.

Jean took solace at the embassy, made contact with the President himself, and was sure things would be cleared up before the Christmas holiday. Then he was invited to celebrate at a gala and ran into the one person he never expected to see again.

Adam looked radiant in his anger, justified of course as Jean had tossed him aside for fears he no longer had. His kingdom didn’t want an heir who had no qualms about who he took to bed? It was none of their business.

They avoided each other the entire evening though he felt Adam’s eyes on him more than once throughout. There was talk of him, the investigative reporter who would gladly sell his own mother for a story. Jean found himself intrigued by the change in him.

The dance floor was filled with couples by the end of the evening in various colors of red, green, and black. He spotted Adam with a man twice his age and the jealousy that overtook him was unwarranted.

That did not stop him from walking towards them.

“Excuse me, may I cut in?”

Adam's partner chuckled and backed off, which made it simple for him to guide them together while surprise still seemed to have taken hold on his partner.

"What are you doing?"

"Dancing with you," he murmured, turning them expertly, "Has it been so long since you've had a proper partner?"

Adam fought his hold and Jean held on. "No, I've had plenty. How's your wife, Highness?"

"Dead," Jean answered as he dipped Adam low.

For a split second there was sadness in Adam's eyes but then indifference again. "I'm sorry."

"It's no matter," he continued, "She was barely a wife."

"Are you that much of a bloody monster now that you…?"

Jean kissed him before Adam could finish and the taste of his tongue burned through right down to his toes. Adam pushed him back and stomped off, though there was interest now from the crowd. He followed and his guards as well from their hidden places.

There was a small courtyard that overlooked the skyline and he could feel the bite of cold against his face as he walked. Adam was as far as he could be and still quite alone on a bench with no coat of his own either.

"You'll catch cold."

"I don't give a bloody fuck."

"Language."

He sat down and Adam moved to stand, though Jean held him still.

"She's really dead?"

"Yes, there was an uprising. I'm surprised you're not aware, working in the paper."

"I like to pretend you don't exist, so it was fairly simple not to know."

Jean smiled and eased his hold, the touch soft as he refused to take his hand off Adam's knee. "I've missed you."

Adam looked at him, his eyes narrow and hard. "I haven't missed you."

"Liar. I can see it in your eyes."

It began to snow but neither of them moved as they stared.

"What else do you see?"

“Anger,” Jean whispered, “Hurt,” he reached up to touch Adam’s cheek, “Love.”

There were tears in Adam’s eyes. “I hate you, so that one is definitely…”

He kissed him quiet, the touch a soft burn now that he never wanted to stop. Adam pushed him back and then grabbed hold of his tie to pull them closer. Jean pulled back to press their cheeks together as he whispered.

“Now?”

“I can’t do this again,” Adam whispered, “I can’t.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” he promised and pulled back to look him in the eye, “I promise you. Spend Christmas with me.”

“At the embassy.”

“Yes.”

Adam laughed. “As your…?”

“Love, Shejtan,” Jean whispered, taking his hand up to kiss, “As my love.”

Adam smiled. “How could I say no to that?”

Spacedogs AU: And Adam Makes Three

Chapter Notes

Gift for shoegazerx

When all else fucking failed, blame it on omegan hormones.

That's what Nigel did anyway.

Nigel still remembered when he had his first bought of morning sickness, the debilitating heaves of vomit that then overtook the next nine months of his life. The two little pink lines on the stick, Darko's laughter, and the black eye he gave him for it. The painful backaches, diarrhea, and horrible cravings till he gave birth cursing out the asshole who shot spunk up his ass.

But he also remembered holding Alexandra in his arms for the first time.

So fuck the rest of it.

His life has changed drastically in the past year since then. He moved to the States, gave birth there not long after, and bought a place in a decent damn neighborhood in New York City. Right near one of those damn kiddie parks he always used to do deals in.

Now he carries Alex on his sling and drinks fucking iced coffee.

Fuck he hates it.

The people are all assholes, fake things that smile pretty but have nothing to offer but the same shit he got away from back home.

Omega flattery.

He's not a wilting flower, not even a little bit, and he hates that his mistake during a shitty heat after Gabi made him weak in the eyes of everyone around him. Alexandra is goddamn miracle, he wouldn't give her up for fucking anything, but gone are the days where he isn't defined by his gender.

Not trying is much worse than failing.

Or at least that's what Adam realized the minute he gave into his homesickness to head towards a desk job that didn't let him look at stars and a new apartment that smelled all wrong.

He wouldn't let himself give into fear again so he got through things just the same as his father taught him.

Day by day.

The apartment building is full of different people, some odd and others just rude, but there is one that caught his eye the day he moved in.

34B

He is an omega without an alpha but still a father and Adam enjoyed seeing him the minute he laid eyes on him. The roundness of his belly as he walked up the flight of stairs Adam went down, the flush of his cheeks when he ate strange potato chips out of his jacket pocket when he thought no one saw, and the way he smiled talking on the telephone in a Romanian.

Adam looked up some of the words and then spent the next several days researching. He liked learning about Romania, seeing the different buildings and the history.

Why would 34B leave?

Had his alpha died?

He didn't think so.

The baby is very nice to look at as well, though he only saw glimpses after 34B arrived home. He had a man with him who glared at Adam when they passed on the stairs.

The man was an alpha and Adam's lip curled at the idea this was 34B's.

But he doesn't see the alpha around again after a week.

Adam does however start to see the omega.

He sees him in the store, the coffee shop, and even once pushing the baby on the swings.

That was first time Adam saw the omega smile and his stomach flipped at a realization.

He wanted him.

Fear and doubt made Adam leave the park, hands shaking as he tried to calm down.

He couldn't lose an omega again.

Beth had been too painful.

Adam decided not to look at 34B anymore.

Which is when 34B found him.

Nigel glared at him.

“Fuck you.”

There were tears in Adam’s eyes. “I do,” he whispered, “I do love you.”

“Adam….”

He grabbed Nigel’s hands and put them on his chest.

“I want to be your alpha, I want to be Alex’s alpha, and I just want to…I want to….”

Nigel grabbed him and crushed their mouths together.

Every time they kissed felt like this, a rightness that Adam never wanted to stop feeling. He wouldn’t let Nigel go again.

Soon a loud crying interrupted them and Nigel pulled back with a laugh.

“She’s hungry. I’ll be right…”

Adam grabbed his hand. “Let me try?”

Nigel smiled. “Okay, Star. But if she spits on your shirt….”

“I’ll remove it and that’s one less item of clothing you need to take off me when we have sex.”

Nigel laughed and scented Adam’s cheek. “Fuck, I love you.”

StrangeBookClub AU: Your Biggest Fan

You couldn't write a story this weird.

Grigg had been in a perpetual funk after Jocelyn broke things off, his boredom outweighed his money so he embraced the one thing she hadn't tarnished: comics.

The store was a modest success, and he could spend lots of time there not thinking and collecting obscure issues.

That's how he finally collects Strange Tales #130, the first appearance of Kaecilius. It's a rare issue, the character relatively forgotten even glossed over in the new film though he couldn't help but see it.

He doesn't put the issue for sale, taking it home to read excitedly alone at his kitchen table.

Kaecilius is the same character he remembers as a boy, the broken man who longs for his lost love, and Grigg aches for what they have in common.

A drunken phone call later he's telling his all to Jocelyn, mumbling and slurring, "And I wish I could give him that, you know? Help him feel that again because you made me feel that way. Even evil people deserve love."

When he wakes up and finds a man leaning over him, sunken in eyes gleaming as he stares, Grigg can't move for the strength of the definitely fictional character holding him down.

"Who are you?"

Grigg barely is able to whisper, "Your biggest fan."

StrangePath AU: Bring Me To Life

The dreams start off as a voice, whispering Cal through the dark memories of his past.

He finds the voice reassuring and soothing, tendrils of praise curling into him till he starts to prefer dreaming to being awake.

When his hands begin burning during the day, and he sees smoke coming out of his palms that no one else seems to see, Cal knows that he's losing his mind.

The burden of his sins is catching up to him, the light is leaving, and he falls asleep determined to reveal his transgressions the next morning.

The voice is there in his dreams and he clutches at the soothing purr of it, and whispers, "I just want to be pure again to someone."

Cal shudders when out of nowhere he's pulled into an embrace, the cold cheek that's pressed against his own making him moan.

"There is no need for pure, Calvin," the familiar voice brings Cal to tears, "You are such a beautiful amalgam of light and darkness. True light cannot shine without dark."

Cal turns in his arms and for the first time the man with eyes that he knows have seen more than anyone else and still cares.

"I need you, all day and all night I need you to be real."

A smile.

"Good," he touches Cal's cheek and smiles, "Then I will show you how to make me whole again. For you and only you, my dark star."

Cal whimpers when their lips touch, the man pulling back to kiss his forehead.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Kaecilius, and we are connected in ways you cannot even imagine."

Cal wakes burning and desperate, sobbing through his release with eyes tightly closed as he sees that smile.

"Kaecilius," he groans, and almost feels a phantom kiss to his lips again.

Hannigram AU: Kindergarten Teacher Hannibal & Single Dad Will

“I’m sorry to inform you, Mister Graham,” the stern woman said, looking her nose down at him, “Your daughter is not getting into the Academy.”

Will felt himself deflate at the words though he felt almost like he’d known before coming here.

No one got into the Academy easily, let alone a child of a nothing police officer. He had no ties to society in Baltimore, knew no one important enough to warrant an invitation to the elite parental clique he’d been informed by his neighbor Freddie was “the worst group of assholes I’ve ever known.”

Perhaps he didn’t want Abby to go to school here after all.

He stood up and held out his hand for Mr. Crawford who took it with a pitying smile. “Thank you for considering Abigail,” Will said, nodding once and leaving.

The atmosphere in the halls of the Academy was nothing like the kindergarten at the public school. Every student was in their classroom, every older child he passed on his way to the kindergarten politely nodded at him.

Okay maybe he did want Abby to go here.

But it wasn’t like–

He stopped outside the door that read kindergarten and peeked in.

The teacher was reading to a group of students, all staring up at him in rapt attention. He was fair haired and wore glasses, his smile serene. Will got so caught up in staring that he was caught, the teacher looking up and suddenly putting the book down.

Will cursed and hurried down the hall, his face red with embarrasment. This is just how he needed to be remembered, the creepy dad who got caught lusting after the kindergarten teacher like a teenager.

“Sir?”

He stopped, turned and saw the man still stood in front of his classroom door. “You’re welcome to come inside? Potential parents are–”

Will shook his head. “I’m not a potential parent, they cut Abby off the waitlist.”

Mr. Teacher informed his class to all sit on the “busy rug” while he spoke to “someone important” and met Will further the hall. “I’m sorry that Dean Crawford decided not to enroll your daughter. I wish I could help.”

Will smiled. “Thank you, Mister…?”

They shook hands. “Lecter, Hannibal Lecter.”

“Will Graham.”

Hannibal let go of his hand. “As much as I would like to continue speaking with you I must–”

Will nodded once. “Have a good rest of your day, Hannibal. I’m sure they’re all excited to hear the end of that book.”

They shared another smile and Will felt a lot better. He’d enroll Abigail in another school and maybe next year try again.

He doesn’t expect the enrollment package that arrives in the mail not long after. Though when he sees the name of Abigail’s new teacher, Hannibal Lecter. Will smiled.

It seemed he was going to be able to continue that conversation with Hannibal after all.

StrangePath AU: The Forest Lord

Cal still remembers the smell of him, earth and fire both, and the sound of his voice. He presses the daisy in a book for almost twenty five years before he he smells it again.

"You left me!" He throws the flower down and fights tears.

"Calvin..."

Cal backs up, shakes his head, and whispers, "Go."

There is a hurt look there, dark purple suddenly surrounds the eyes he'd dreamed of for so long.

"I respected your wishes. You wished to stay, so I let you stay."

"But I thought I was--" Cal sees the flower in the dirt, ruined now. He picks it up and a shudder goes through them both when their hands brush ever so lightly.

"Cal."

He grabs Cal by the hand and a warmth goes through him. When he's let go the flower is intact, perfect, just like that first time. Cal looks up and sees tears in those purple rimmed eyes.

"You are the only one I want by my side. My true mate."

Cal closes his eyes and lets out a breath. "You never told me your name then, I don't know it."

"Kaecilius."

The fact that he knows the name makes Cal feel important, like he's always wanted to be.

He opens his eyes and holds out his other hand, the daisy now a ring that fits perfectly. Cal knows it will never come off.

"Will you take me now?"

Kaecilius touches his cheek and presses their foreheads together. His smile makes Cal smile too.

"Oh yes, Calvin. I will take you now."

AgentBookClub AU: Romancing the Stone

Grigg Harris is the bestselling romance novelist of the Phantom series. He writes his heroes like a fantasy: rugged, broken, and strong.

He hasn't had a decent date in years, living with his cat Austen is the longest relationship he's ever had.

When his ex girlfriend Jocelyn calls him in tears, begs him to come to Cartagena with the map she's kept hidden at her place he drops everything to rush to her rescue.

He doesn't expect to be chased by men with guns on his way from the airport and run headfirst into the man of his dreams.

El Corazon," the words are a purr and Mark's thumb runs over the page.

Jocelyn's dead husband had this hidden away and she had no idea that this is why he died till now."

Grigg takes another sip of the bottle and it burns going down.

"I've heard of him," Mark confesses, "Drake."

Grigg blinks. "A secret agent thing?"

Mark smiles. "Yes he was a talented killer."

Grigg licks his lips. "I knew he looked like a serial killer. She told me I was just jealous."

Mark sets down the map.

"Were you? Jealous?"

Grigg shakes his head. "No, I realized a long time ago Jocelyn was not my ideal partner."

Mark settles back against the bag at his back and the warmth of the fire makes him lean forward a little. "No? Who is?"

Grigg's head swims and he swallows his nerve to whisper. "You."

Hannigram AU: Twin Peaks

Special Agent Will Graham is sent to the sleepy town of Twin Peaks to look into the bloody murder of Abigail Hobbs. He expect this investigation to be like all the others.

He's wrong.

Will looked up just as Dr. Lecter came to table.

"Good afternoon, Agent Graham."

"Good afternoon, Dr. Lecter."

Dr. Lecter gestured to the empty seat across from him. "May I join you?"

"Please."

He watched the enigmatic man sat down and raised his hand for the waitress.

"How is the investigation coming?"

Will remembered the events of the night before with a shiver. "This place is very… confusing."

"How so?"

The waitress came over with a tea bag and poured water in the food doctor's cup.

"For every answer I find a million more questions arise."

Dr. Lecter dipped his tea bag in the steaming water and smiled. "What is life if not a never ending quest for answers?"

Will chuckled and took a sip of his coffee. He eyed the man across from him with interest. Who knew what secrets Dr. Lecter was hiding?

He set his cup down.

"Do you have any answers for me?"

The smile he got in return was genuine.

"I do if you have the right questions."

Will leaned forward.

"Do you know who killed Abigail Hobbs?"

Hannibal looked down at his tea and ran his thump around the rim of the cup.

“I believe I do.”

Will grabbed his wrist and he looked up.

“Who?”

“I will tell you over dinner?”

Will frowned. “You can’t tell me now?”

Dr. Lecter turned his wrist, the movement made Will’s grip loosen and soon they were holding hands.

“Would you like me to?”

Will swallowed. “What time do you want to meet, Doc…Hannibal?”

Hannibal kissed the top of his hand.

“I will come to you.”

Will was confused as he watched him leave, his cheeks warm and thoughts swirling. A moment later the waitress returned, though this time it was young Alana Bloom. She smiled.

“What’s happening with you and Dr. Lecter?”

Will looked at her.

“I have no idea.”

Spacedogs AU: Balaur (AKA John Wick AU)

They call him Balaur.

Adam hears the name said in fear as the man tears through the security team like nothing.

He says his name is Nigel, that he's killed many people and that he'll kill many more.

Adam believes him even before he watches Nigel kill his father.

Soon he will see things no one should ever have to see and hear things no one should ever have to hear, but he'll also end up in Nigel's bed.

Despite everything that happens and a lot does happen, he doesn't want to leave.

Nigel won't let him stay.

Adam can see it in his eyes, the hard anger and the words that come out of his mouth are mean.

"You're useless, Adam. What the fuck do you think I kept you around for the last few days? Your fascinating theories on stars? No I wanted to get my dick wet and you helped me out. Now you need to fucking go."

Adam's lower lip trembles.

"You're lying."

Nigel rushes up to him with sudden force, pushes Adam against the wall and puts a gun to his head.

"You're a waste of space and I'm done with you."

Adam lets out a shaky breath. "You don't scare me."

He hears the sound of the gun as it cocks and sees the slight change in Nigel's face when he doesn't push him away.

"Star," Nigel's voice breaks, "Please."

"If you're worried about me," Adam says softly, his hands shaking and his entire body on alert, "Teach me."

Nigel laughs and it sounds like crying. "Teach you? To fucking what?"

Adam puts his hands over Nigel's and turns the gun to press against his forehead. "To pull this trigger on everyone but you."

Spacedogs AU: Steal My Heart

Nigel Ibanescu is a notorious kept gentleman and con artist, though most of his conquests don't know him as the latter until it's too late. He's very good at what he does, cold and calculating in the process while being careful to remain a doted lover in disguise.

He's never come across any rich fucker he didn't want to steal from.

Until he meets Michael Raki's son Adam.

Adam Raki, the only son of media mogul Michael Raki, is forced to come to his father's twenty year celebration of Raki Enterprises. He is uncomfortable and does not talk to many people, though the few he does interact with do not come away with a good impression.

Nigel is not one of those people.

Before long they become more than friends and it only takes one fuck up for every word Nigel has said to seem like a lie. He tries everything he can to get Adam to listen to no avail so Nigel does the only thing he can do.

Speaks his heart.

All over town.

Can he win back the love of his life before he's spent all his money in hopes for a response?

Or has Nigel been the one who lost something for the first time in his pathetic fucking life that he can never get back?

The library is far enough away that Adam knows he can remain undisturbed if he remained there the rest of the night. He slipped in as soon as the hallway was clear and closed the door behind him,

He sighed and turned to put his back to the door.

"Hiding, darling?"

Adam turned and saw a man sitting at his father's desk with his feet up and an empty wine glass beside him. The man was wearing a tuxedo like the rest of the guests and smoking a cigarette, he could smell it from here and wondered why the smoke detector hadn't gone off yet.

"I don't like parties," he said, "Or people."

The man laughed. "Neither do I, especially this crowd."

Adam frowned. "You can't smoke in here."

The man grinned. “No?”

“My father--”

“You’re Raki’s son.”

“Yes. My father will be upset to smell it.”

The man’s smile seemed to widen. “Like I give a fuck,” he lifted the empty wine glass, “Does it upset you, gorgeous?”

Adam blushed, “I don’t like the smell.”

He was surprised when the man put out his cigarette into the wine glass and set the makeshift ashtray down on the desk again.

“If it’s upsetting you, I’ll make an exception. What’s your name?”

“You don’t know? My father was telling everyone.”

“Nah,” he put his feet down and leaned forward on the desk, “I haven’t paid attention to a single word said tonight. But now I wish I had.”

Adam looked at his shoes, uncomfortable and tight still. He wanted to take them off but wondered what the man would think of that.

“Adam.”

“Adam, beautiful Adam.”

He looked up at the words and saw the man had moved closer to him, almost close enough to touch. Adam backed up and frowned. “I don’t know you.”

The smoking man held out his hand and Adam shook it.

“Nigel Ibanescu.”

Nigel.

The name echoed in his mind for a moment and Adam wondered if Nigel was flirting with him. He hadn’t been flirted with many times before but he thought maybe this might be one of those times.

“Are you sexually interested in me?”

Nigel grinned and moved closer. “Abso-fucking-lutely.”

Hannigram AU: Friday the 13th

Hannigram AU: Friday the 13th

The death of six year old Winnifred “Winnie” Graham is a national headline. Camp Crystal Lake insists her death an accident, that everything had been done and the police find the same findings.

Only her father Will thinks otherwise, draining his life savings and losing his wife over his obsession for those involved to pay for what they did.

Three years pass.

Will is living in and out of motels barely passing through the remainder of his life when a sudden headline brings him back to life again.

CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE TO REOPEN

The ensuing bloodbath that follows is cathartic, a tribute to Winnie and Will weeps when it’s over.

No one is left alive and the police are baffled. That’s why they bring in someone to help.

The first time Hannibal Lecter sees the crime scene he falls in love.

Brutal, angry, and obviously personal he nearly weeps for this man’s pain. He points the police in the wrong direction towards an angry father who was furious that his daughter was going away to school after her summer job.

Garett Jacob Hobbs’s arrest brings forth his other activities and reveals that he’s been killing all along.

Hannibal searches and easily finds the identity of this sad killer: Will Graham. Will himself however is a ghost, barely existing, living in and out of motels though never staying in one place for long.

Except he cannot find Will.

Hannibal’s frustration grows over the course of the next few weeks that turn into years. He almost gives up entirely on the anniversary of the massacre when an idea comes to him.

He will reopen Camp Crystal Lake.

Hannibal held up his hands as the masked figure he was certain had to be Will Graham came toward him.

“Hello, Will.”

Will stopped, his chest movement growing more exaggerated as he stood there staring. He spoke not one word so Hannibal spoke for the both of them.

“My name is Hannibal Lecter and I did this for you.”

The mask was taken off and he was struck by the sight of Will in the flesh. He looked ragged, malnourished, and somewhat disoriented as he looked around the forest.

“For me?”

“I found the counselors and financed the reopening.”

Will turned do look at the body not far from them, a young man with his throat slashed rather crudely.

“Why?”

Hannibal took a step forward and Will gripped the machete in his hand tighter. He stopped moving.

“I want to help you,” he whispered, “You mesmerize me.”

Will scoffed and his hollow laughter seemed to echo through the camp.

“I’m a monster,” he whispered, “They took her and made me a monster.”

Hannibal took another step forward and then kept on going, the lack of fear now between them gone. He laid his hand on Will’s shoulder and they shared a look that sung through his very senses.

“You are not a monster,” he promised and set his other hand on Will’s cheek, “You are a protector, a warrior, a father avenging his child. These spoiled children and rotten people, are lucky to have witnessed your righteous fury before death claimed them.”

Will’s tears began to flow in earnest and Hannibal wanted to lick them from his blood spattered cheeks. He instead kissed just under his eye and felt Will shudder against him.

“I don’t know what to do,” Will confessed, “I—“

Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will’s back and pulled him in closer. He breathed in the rich scent of death and Will’s tears.

“There are more of them,” he assured, “Those who let her die alone in the lake. We will hunt them down and make them pay.”

Will gripped him hard and pressed his nose against Hannibal’s neck.

“Thank you.”

Hannibal smiled. “No Will. Thank you.”

Luconnor ABO AU: Part Time Alpha

There were few jobs that paid enough that Lucas was comfortable in anymore. He didn't do well with crowds, strangers, or even most other alphas which made career opportunities that paid enough sparse.

Which was why the flier at the market caught his eye.

Part Time Alphas Wanted

The phone number is questionable but he calls anyway.

The building he's directed to after a phone interview is professional looking and the next talk is even better. Within two weeks he's given his first client.

A week later he's given two more.

By the first six months he's one of the most requested alphas on staff.

Then as Spring rolls in he's given an emergency situation with a new client he's never met before.

Mr. Joe Connor

Lucas walks up to the apartment and almost immediately is hit with a scent that makes him shudder.

Mine

He knocks on the door and waits to see those lovely eyes he remembers from the picture in Joe's file.

The minute the door opens and Lucas is hit with the scent of desperate heat all the rest fades away.

****

Joe's hard glare makes his insides churn.

"I don't think I need this anymore."

Lucas looks away and fights the tears that want to come. "I see. If there has been something in my performance that's unsatisfactory…"

Joe's hollow laugh makes him look again.

"No, nothing's…I just can't."

He nods. “I will see myself out.”

The walk to Joe’s door is hard and turning the knob even harder.

“You’re just gonna leave? Just like that? You won’t…”

He turns and sees Joe has his arms crossed and his face is wet with tears.

“You asked me to leave.”

“But you’re…you’re supposed to tell me no! That you….I just…”

Lucas walks over to him and touches his cheek, the tiny shiver that goes through them both a spark he doesn’t think he can live without for long.

“Tell me.”

“I…I don’t want it to be part time anymore. I can’t get you out of my head and I miss you when you’re not here. I think I’m–”

Lucas smiles. “I love you too.”

The bruising kiss he gets in response makes him want to howl, but instead all he does is hold Joe harder.

He’ll never let go.

Royal Instinct ABO AU: Mine

Adam Towers never fucks the same alpha twice.

It's a rule he's lived by since he presented ten years ago and has never had reason to break it.

Then he meets the one alpha he can't get out of his bloody head.

He can't even blame it on heat hormones. His heat has been long gone for weeks when they meet but just one touch to his cheek by Jean Duran and the rule go right out the goddamn window.

The sex is phenomenal: desperate, hard, and soft all. When they're done Adam mourns the loss of his knot. Then they fuck the next morning, and the day after that, and the day after that.

It's been a week in Jean's hotel room when Adam wakes up and realizes with horror something he'd rather die than do.

He wants to bond.

That's why he leaves, runs out, and vows never to see Jean Duran again.

Which is why seven months later when he walks into the event held by his new bosses at the post he does't think twice about volunteering to be auctioned.

It's for a good cause after all.

Then he gets up there and a voice sends shivers down his spine.

"One hundred thousand dollars."

Adam freezes.

"Shit."

Jean's smile makes him curl his lip.

No one else throws out a number.

Adam's led down the stairs and Jean waits at the bottom of them. He takes Adam's hand and kisses it.

"Congratulations," Adam whispers, "You just wasted way too much money. I'm not–"

Jean pulls him in close and Adam whimpers. "I would've spent a million for just one more night," he whispers, touching the gland on Adam's neck, "Just one more chance to force you to be mine."

“I’m not–”

He kisses Adam’s gland and Adam moans like the worst kind of needy omega.

“You are. We both know you are. I’ve waited months to find you, to wait for a moment where you could not escape. I paid your employer and told every man who would think to attempt to bid that I would cut their throats if they even tried.”

Adam laughs. “You didn’t.”

“I said, he’s mine. They did not need to be told the rest.”

Adam clings and breaths him in.

“Shit,” he moans, “Shit, shit, shit.”

Jean smiles against his skin. “Say it.”

“I am,” he sighs, “I am.”

Jean lifts his head and touches Adam’s cheek. “There, was that so hard? Now, let us dance for the evening. Then we can retire to my room and I will make you mine in every shape and form I possibly can.”

Adam smiles. “Who says I can’t make YOU mine?”

Jean kisses their lips together so softly Adam whimpers as they part.

“Let’s see who holds out the longest, shall we?”

Hannigram AU: The Devil & The Dog Lover

The first time he saw them was late one evening while the other dogs were doing their nightly business. A pair of bedraggled dirty looking things that growled when Will grew closer but seemed to love the leftover steak he had from last night's dinner. They ran off after the meat was gone and Will didn't give chase, he knew better.

But they came back several times that first week, closer and closer with each feed, and seven days in he got to touch one of them. The hair was coarse and looked almost burned. Will's lip curled at the idea of someone hurting these poor things with fire.

He started to call them Moe and Curly, and got his first lick when he took a warm rag to Curly's bloodied snout.

Two weeks in he got them inside to sleep, fed them both wet food in a separate space so they were comfortable, and closed the door while they slept on a pile of blankets in his unused bedroom.

Three weeks in, Moe and Curly were bathed and brushed revealing perfect white beauties whose eyes looked almost red sometimes but Will was sure it was just a trick of the light.

Four weeks in, he met Doctor Lecter for the first time.

The expensive looking car pulled up Will's driveway just after dark, the man at the wheel just what Will would've expected. He wore a grey and red plaid suit that should've looked ridiculous but on him seemed like a second skin. His hair was slicked back to perfection and Will wanted to ruffle it out of place.

He stood on the porch both dogs at his side and the others flanking them.

"Hello, may I help you?"

The way the man looked at him was equal parts annoyed and amused.

"Yes, I do believe so. You see I've been looking for my two borzoi wolfhounds, who seem to be right beside you."

Will put his hands on the collars he'd given Moe and Curly. "You're the asshole who kept them looking like they'd been burned and tossed in a pile of mud?"

The man took one step forward and both dogs growled so loud Will's hands felt the vibration. He held out his hand for Will to take. "They can be quite hard to handle at times, I assure you I haven't been harming them. Doctor Hannibal Lecter."

Will didn't move. "I'm not letting you have them."

"Sir…"

“Get off my lawn before I call the cops.”

Will turned and headed inside the house with his pack. He wasn’t surprised when both Moe and Curly hung back to growl at the closed door. Doctor Lecter stood on the porch with his hands out.

“All I want is my property.”

Will stomped up to the door and put his hands on the dogs’ heads. “They don’t want you.”

Doctor Lecter’s eyes seemed to glow the same as the dogs for a moment and Will felt the air around him grow warmer. “I will return.”

He was gone so fast Will could barely understand, and when he went inside his newest pack members climbed into his bed.

Will wouldn’t let them go with that monster.

He didn’t expect to see Doctor Lecter grace his door again.

Which was true, he didn’t.

Instead the man appeared at his job, arm in arm with one of his colleagues.

“Will, let me introduce you!”

They shook hands and Will felt like his skin was on fire before he pulled away.

“Nice to meet you.”

“You as well.”

Hannibal Lecter became a fixture at every one of his lectures, at crime scenes, and when Jack assigned the good doctor as his personal shrink Will reached his limit.

“You can buy new dogs,” Will mumbled as he looked everywhere but at the man across from him.

“Not like these,” Hannibal said, “They’ve been in my family for quite some time. I…”

“If that’s true then why did they run off? Why…”

Hannibal leaned in and smiled. “I believe that they were drawn to you in some way. I confess I am not a very affectionate or warm type of pet owner.”

Will glared at him. “The burn marks in their hair?”

“I prefer to be around a warm fire, it was not deliberate. Romulus and Remus also do not enjoy my touch, which was why they were so dirtied.”

Will scoffed. “Romulus and Remus? Really?”

“What do you call them?”

“Moe and Curly,” Will whispered, “And I still don’t want to give them back. I just…I don’t trust you.”

Hannibal folded his hands and frowned. “I do not wish to call authorities, Will. They belong to me, I assure you.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “Can I just…I’ll bring them by your house tomorrow night. Just to see you with them. If I knew they were comfortable, maybe it wouldn’t be so hard.”

“Yes, I believe that sounds reasonable. I can make us dinner and show you how missed my hounds are.”

Will smiled. “I didn’t mean that we had to…I mean that sounds like a date. I don’t think I could stand you for that long, no offense. I don’t find you that interesting.”

Hannibal leaned back and Will saw his eyes flash red again.

There was no way to pretend he hadn’t.

“You will,” Hannibal said, “I do not have romantic ulterior motives, I assure you. Just a friendly dinner.”

Will gripped the chair tight. “Your eyes.”

“My mother used to call them crimson,” Hannibal teased, “She called me her little devil.”

Will licked his lips. “Are you a devil, Doctor Lecter?”

Hannibal smiled. “I can be, Will. I can be.”

Hannigram AU: Mister Lecter (Babadook AU)

Will Graham is having a bad day.

No, make that a bad life.

His wife has been dead for six years, every date he goes on ends in disaster, his job gives him nightmares, and his daughter just wants too much attention.

Which is why he doesn't notice the book.

Abby has so many books he doesn't pay mind to her carrying one but when he hears her talking to herself at night he can't help himself.

She shows him the book and when he reads the words out loud it feels like an incantation.

"Mister Lecter."

Abby smiles. "He's my friend."

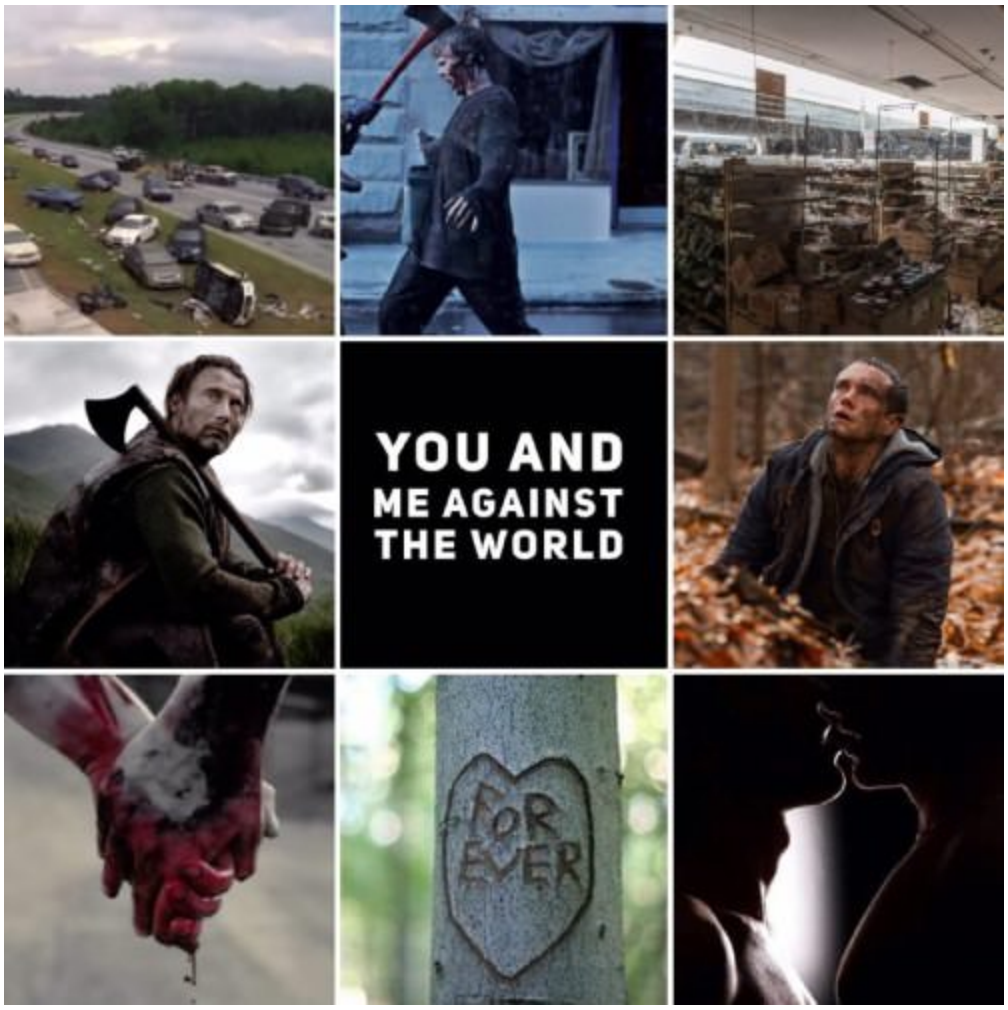
Will realizes too late he should've looked inside.

When the noises, the warmth at his neck, and the shining eyes in the dark begin he thinks perhaps he's going insane.

Eventually he knows he is.

Mister Lecter wants Will and he'll do just about anything to get him.

OnePath AU: Forever and A Day



The world ends not with a bang but with a very slow whimper.

Those who make it out of the fallout get to watch trees die and animals along with them.

Cal Roberts is one of those people.

He is one of the only survivors of End of Days, a doomsday cult that predicted this ages ago and was ready for anything.

Except the zombies.

The undead are just as horrifying as one would expect and when he shoves his first axe into one there is no going back. Which is why he stops caring about the world beyond and starts to think about now.

He makes friends on the road, trades weapons, and is one of the most well known travelers in the area once known as New York. Though now it is just divided into four parts: The Wilding, The End Fades, Greatland, and Devastation.

Cal travels in and out of all of them, never settling, which is why when the stories of One Eye start to come he's intrigued.

One Eye is a demon, a ghost, or a ravenous monster that enjoys killing more than anyone should.

No one seems to know if he's real or not, which makes for a good tale when Cal asks, but they just all know the name.

Till he figures out the mystery himself.

Cal's days without food but has plenty of water when he is saved by a well timed axe in the back of a walker's head. The man who holds out a hand is more intimidating upon first glance than he is grotesque. He takes the hand and wipes the dirt from his cheeks once he stands.

"Thanks."

The man who is obviously One Eye nods.

"I was caught in a weak moment. It's been a few days since I last found something to barter with and I—"

He watches the man pull out bags from a backpack, and open one to reveal food. Cal takes the meat that's tough like jerky and moans at the taste.

"Fuck this is good."

The man smiles.

"You don't talk much?"

One Eye opens his mouth and Cal starts back in surprise.

He has no tongue.

"Shit."

One Eye grins.

"Someone did that to you?"

He nods.

"The world is a savage wasteland now, it doesn't surprise me."

One Eye takes out a notebook and writes something down that he hands to Cal.

It was before.

“Well there wasn’t much good left before either.”

He camps out with One Eye, shares stories of the road and the world before, and enjoys having someone listen. The man occasionally writes replies onto pieces of paper but mostly it’s just Cal in his element letting out his life in front of a stranger.

“If it’s all right with you,” he says as they both lie in sleeping bags in front of a dying fire, “I might stick around for a while. It won’t be forever. Just a few days.”

One Eye nods.

A few days turns into six months.

Six months into a year.

By then they’d found an old sign language book and learn together so communication wouldn’t depend on paper so scarce to come by nowadays.

Basic signs for things like water, food, and even each other’s names.

Though he improvises by touching his eye for One Eye and get the strangled sound that is the man’s laugh in return.

One Eye doesn’t know his own name after having been kept in a cage by another doomsday cult, Falling Skys. They assumed he was a demon of some kind and tortured him most of his life.

Cal is happy to learn they’re all dead, mostly by the man’s own hand.

“Some people don’t deserve any life, even this one.”

That night he gets a hug and the first strings of contact he’s had in years.

It brings back awful memories he has nightmares about, horrible things done to him in his childhood, and just before morning comes Cal runs.

He can’t get this attached to someone and not like this.

Cal wastes the whole next month keeping in the dark places, avoiding stops that he knows One Eye will be using. He spends every night alone, sometimes in tears, and sleeps little.

It’s October he sees the first tree.

One word is carved in it and those tears that he didn’t allow himself to feel start to fall.

FOREVER

He knows it’s him, has to be, and when he keeps on seeing them down the road he decides to follow.

They lead to a tiny cabin, almost too small to be real, and he knocks on the door.

One Eye looks just as tired as he does, beard and all, and when he hits him Cal knows he deserves it.

“I’m sorry. I just…I didn’t tell you everything. I….”

He pulls him in for a bear hug that makes him sob, clutching hard as he whispers things into One Eye’s ear that no one else knows. He feels him tense before pulls back to stare at him.

“I think I’m in love with you.”

One Eye touches his eye and then signs “I love you,” in return.

They fall asleep that night in each other’s arms and when he wakes Cal kisses him for the first time.

“Forever this time, I promise.”

That’s all the hope they both need.

Basic Chickens AU: One Cute Chick

Adam loses his job on a Wednesday.

He deserves after the incident with the Queen, heaven knows he does, but the fallout from it makes him the last person any proper news outlet will hire.

He tries everywhere down to freelance conspiracy websites for almost a month but no one wants to be associated with ‘Adam Towers.’

So he demeans himself to check online job sites, scrolling through the newest in hopes that something not horrible might catch his eye.

Something does.

NEED SOMEONE TO WATCH CHIP

Must be non-smoker

Contact eliasthanatos@mail.com

Adam stares at the ad and wonders just what type of person might leave such a completely boring ad in hopes that someone might answer. Really, it doesn't even have how much they're paying.

He scoffs and moves on, circling phone jobs that might not be too horrible, and thinks that perhaps he'll be all right after all.

Really, answering phones might not be all that bad.

It's not bad, it's TERRIBLE.

Adam goes on seven interviews and receives no call backs.

Not one.

His resume had been superb but almost all seven recognize him from the Queen incident and act awkwardly until they rush him out the door.

He goes home, dead tired, and opens the online ads again.

There it is.

Chip's father is still looking for a sitter.

He sighs and answers in the way he assumes someone with a brat would want to hear.

Hello Mr. Thanatos,

My name is Adam Towers.

You may have heard of me, since most have, and I assure you the things you've read do not reflect on my abilities. I am quite adept at looking after little ones, and would love to meet you and Chip to show you just how perfect I am for the position.

Yours,

Adam Towers

Adam goes to bed after quite a bit too much drinking, and wakes up to a rather odd reply.

Mr. Towers,

I do not know you, but I am looking for a sitter for my Henrietta. It is very important I find one soon as I cannot keep bringing her to work with me. You can come to our apartment in Fullerton Palms at one thirty.

Thank you,

Elias

He frowns.

If the child's name is Henrietta, why did the ad say Chip?

Adam stares at the email and contemplates not going. After all, he very much despises children, but he needs money and it may not be so bad. He can ply the little one with some candy and watch the telly while it sleeps.

He sighs, showers, and does himself up rather nice he thinks before leaving to head for Fullerton Palms.

The Palms is in a middle class area, not too posh but not too run down, and when he comes up to the door he sees the name THANATOS in bright blue marker. He presses and waits for the buzz.

It doesn't come.

Adam taps his foot for several minutes before he tries again.

And again.

And again.

He's just about to leave when someone comes running at the door, throwing it open.

The man's face is bright red, sweaty, and his pants are half open. He also has a horrid hairstyle with facial hair and a deformity to match.

He tries not to look at the man's clothes that seem out of a bad seventies pornographic film.

"THE DOOR IS BROKEN! Please, please, come in!"

Adam fakes a smile and starts to talk about his enthusiasm to meet little Henrietta, which seems to make Elias happy, and when they come to the apartment door he readies himself for the child inside.

Except there's no one.

He walks in and sees no toys, no mess, and nothing to suggest Elias has a child at all.

Adam sits down and watches the man rush to the kitchen.

"It is rather….immaculate for someone with a little one."

"HENNY DOES NOT MAKE MESSES!" Elias yells from the kitchen, which is rather close enough he does need to, "SHE'S A GOOD GIRL!"

Adam takes off his coat when it starts to get rather hot in the place.

"You sure seem to like it warm."

Elias comes over with fresh squeezed lemonade that he sits in front of Adam.

“Henny likes it warm,” Elias says, smiling, “So would you like to meet her?”

Adam smiles wider and tries not to image the man coming out of his bedroom with a stuffed doll or something even more terrifying. “Of course.”

Elias stands up and walks into the next room as Adam tries to make sense of why he’s here at all.

He scans the room and stops on a strange sight.

There is a bag of what looks like pellets sitting against the kitchen counter.

On them is a picture of a….hen.

“Here she is.”

Adam turns and stares wide eyed at Elias, who is holding a tiny baby chick. It’s bright yellow, fuzzy by the looks of it, and not a child.

“She is…quite yellow.”

He smiles. “She’s very big for her age. When I saw her at the store I….”

Adam tries to keep smiling and hold in the laughter at the whole situation but cannot help but let it out.

He laughs, loudly, and feels tears running down his cheeks.

It’s a bloody CHICK.

Not a CHIP.

He shakes his head, covers his mouth, and turns around again to face Elias.

Who looks devastated.

The man’s face is bright red and tears are falling down his face.

“YOU ARE A HORRIBLE MAN! GO AWAY! GO AWAY NOW!”

Adam tries to catch his breath, shaking his head. “No, I’m sorry I–”

Elias stomps out of the room and Adam wipes his eyes, letting out a long breath.

“Bloody hell.”

He takes a sip of the lemonade, which is delicious, and sets it down on the table just as Elias returns.

“WHY ARE YOU HERE! YOU–”

“I’m sorry!” Adam says, grabbing his hands, “I was just rather surprised! I…you have to admit it’s strange!”

Elias sniffles and Adam feels like an asshole. “Henny is not strange! I am not strange! She is beautiful!”

Adam smiles. “Yes, she’s…quite yellow. I apologize for my rudeness. Honestly. I think she’s a fine chick. I just don’t think this job…”

“I am paying forty dollars every hour, I don’t know why no one wants to look after her. She’s a very good girl.”

Adam blinks.

“Forty dollars? That’s….for how many hours?”

Elias sniffles and wipes a hand across his eyes. “Seven.”

He tries not to kiss Elias on the mouth for saying that number. “I would love to watch Henrietta, Elias. Very much.”

Elias glares at him. “You laughed at me. At her. She was very upset.”

“Can I apologize?”

“She’s sleeping.”

“Then perhaps I can bring her something when I come to work? Is there something she likes?”

Elias sits down on the chair. “Worms.”

Adam tries not to let it show on his face how disgusting that sounds.

“Worms it is. Will you let me try looking after her for a week? Just to start? I promise I will be the best chick sitter you can find. Or rather, I would be like a nanny wouldn’t I?”

Elias sniffles again. “You won’t laugh anymore?”

“No, not ever again.”

He holds out his hand for Elias to shake.

A moment later, he feels the rough warmth of Elias’s hand in his.

“Just one week.”

Adam is going to be the world’s best bloody chick nanny there ever was.

Hannigram AU: Halloween

Hannibal Lecter has been in an asylum for seventeen years when Missy Graham finds out her real name.

Mischa.

Her father, Sheriff Graham, tells her the story on Halloween night, the two of them covered in blood as he drives her away from her boyfriend Daniel's house.

Daniel's house that's now filled with six of her dead friends.

"No one would take you," he whispers, his hands shaking as he drives, "I saw your little face and I…I couldn't let them put you in the system."

She looks outside as the world goes by and knows Hannibal Lecter is out there killing people in revenge for them stealing her away.

“Stop the car.”

“No,” he whispers, “We’re leaving town and…”

Missy grabs the wheel and it veers off into a parked car, stopping them.

“I know where he’s going. I have to go back. I can’t…all he wants is me. I think I can stop him.”

The Sheriff lets out a shaky breath. “No one can. I…I know.”

Missy moves to leave and he grabs her arm hard.

“I know I can! He won’t hurt me! He loves me! I….”

She watches in shock as her father opens his shirt, revealing a long scar she’s seen plenty of times over the years but was never given an explanation for.

“I thought he loved me too,” her father says, “But he did this to me anyway.”

Missy feels tears in her eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Her father sighs as he closes his shirt. “That I dated a serial killer when I was a rookie? It never came up, did it?”

Missy looks out at the kids who run by and remembers the look on Hannibal Lecter’s face when he saw her.

“I know he won’t hurt me. He…he called me….”

“Little one,” her father whispers, “I heard him. Yet I shot him anyway.”

“In the shoulder.”

“Miss….”

“Mischa,” she says, “It is my name right? Missy never felt right, you know? Never once. When he said Mischa it…felt right.”

She watches her father pull around the parked car they’d already hit, then turn off the engine.

“He killed all of them, honey. Every single one.”

“Except me. He never kills me.”

Mischa falls into her father’s arms and feels him trembling against her.

“Not yet.”

“Dad…”

He gently pushes her back and holds out his gun. “If we’re going there, to….the Lecter place….you’re taking this.”

She shakes her head and picks up the knife she took from Daniel’s place.

“I don’t need it.”

Hannigram AU: A Nanny for Christmas

When Molly dies in her sleep it's a shock.

Will goes to bed one night a husband and wakes up a widower.

A cardiac arrhythmia, they tell him.

Her heart just went haywire.

There was nothing he could do.

He struggles through the first few months after, watching Ben look around for 'Mommy' and trying to keep his emotions in check when he tries to explain.

'Mommy is gone.'

Ben doesn't quite understand and often Will has to deal with tantrums but he manages.

Mostly because of the sitters.

He only has so much vacation time for a teacher and really he needs the distraction of work to not fade away. The sitters are often the same but it's a shuffle, some friends and family others recommended by both.

Will knows he can't last long this way, neither of them can, and that's why he lets Bev talk him into placing an ad online.

NANNY WANTED - 5 year old boy, recently lost parent. Looking for childcare from 7:00 am- 7:00 pm. Must be able to start immediately. Non smokers only. Experience with childcare required. Contact sitterb@mail.com

The email he creates for the whole thing fills up almost overnight and he finds himself with another distraction as he looks for anyone with potential.

It takes another day for him to get the message that changes his life.

Hello Mr. Graham.

My name is Hannibal Lecter. I have been working as a childcare professional for the past ten years, though I was in emergency pediatric medicine for most of them. I would like to offer my condolences on the loss of your partner and tell you that though the pain will not go away it will get less difficult to manage. I lost most of my family as a young boy and know the pain of separating from someone you love.

I am unclear as to if the position is live in, which I am perfectly able to do if asked. I am an accomplished cook, enjoy housekeeping, and would be more then happy to help out with those things if you so desire.

Your response would be appreciated promptly, though I know you are more than likely struggling through many other applicants I can wait.

Yours,

Hannibal Lecter

Will messages him back before all the others and just….talks.

They talk about life, love, loss, and the joy of children. He talks about things he hates, things he can't live without, and his favorite foods. Hannibal talks about growing up with his strict Uncle who pushed him into medicine. He talks about his favorite things to eat, to cook, and instruments he plays. Before long it's been two weeks and Will realizes he never responded to anyone else.

He texts Bev at almost two a.m, shaking and in tears.

I think I found my nanny.

She doesn't answer until the next day and he's already asked Hannibal to come interview in person.

"You talked to him for two weeks?"

Will wipes down the counter and looks over at Ben who is crashing two cars together. "Yeah."

"And that's…not weird? I mean you didn't know him. Did you talk on the phone?"

He pushes the napkin holder into the middle of the table, then to the side, and again to the middle. "No."

"Will…."

The doorbell rings. "I gotta go."

"Will, maybe you–!"

He ends the call and tries not to be too eager in answering the door, though when he does he's pleasantly surprised by Hannibal's appearance. He's wearing what looks like an expensive blue suit, no tie, and carrying a small bag.

"Hello, Will."

Will feels oddly self conscious. "Hey. You're right on time."

Hannibal smiles. "Eleven o'clock, as discussed."

"Come in."

He leads Hannibal into the kitchen. "I—"

"Hello there."

Will turns and sees Hannibal on one knee beside Ben, who stops to observe this new person.

"Hi."

"What do you have here?"

"Cars. Watch!"

He crashes the cars together and laughs.

"Good job, Benjamin. I am sure there were no casualties involved."

Will laughs and Hannibal looks up. "He's not usually so good with strangers."

Hannibal moves to stand but Will shakes his head. "I apologize if you didn't wish for me to interact so soon."

“No, it’s good. I think he likes you.”

“I like him as well. It’s always nice to see reckless driving at such an early age.”

Will laughs again. “Our fault, I think. Molly and I used—”

He stops himself and swallows back tears.

“Will…”

“I’m fine,” he whispers, “I…when can you start?”

Hannibal blinks. “I’m sorry?”

“We can just skip the formalities, I think. Do you want the job?”

Hannibal stands and turns just as Will comes around the counter again.

“Yes.”

Will lets out a long sigh and smiles. “Then I guess….welcome home?”

Hannibal looks down at Ben. “Would you be averse to me interacting with Benjamin some more?”

“No, that’s…I think it’s a good idea.”

He watches Hannibal bend down again and leaves the kitchen in a rush as tears fall down his cheeks.

Fuck, he misses his wife.

Will sighs and wipes hie eyes.

He can do this.

He can.

Christmas is in three months.

Ben is going to finally understand the presents and not just suck on them.

He’s gonna make this work.

He’s got to.

When he heads back out into the kitchen he finds Hannibal holding Ben on his lap and reading from a storybook.

It’s not one Will has seen before but when he hears one of the lines he knows why Hannibal brought it for them.

“You see, Leo. Sometimes we can’t be together forever. But we will be together soon. Someday.”

He looks up and Will wipes his eyes. “Coffee?”

Hannibal smiles and looks at Ben, who’s slumped over his arm napping at exactly the time he should be. “Please.”

Will feels somewhat lighter as he goes to the coffee maker and feels almost as if Molly is whispering in his ear.

‘I think he’s the one.’

He thinks so too.

After all, a nanny they both like just in time for Christmas is exactly what they need.

AgentBookClub AU: Sunglasses Mark

Chapter Notes

I deleted this a few weeks ago so I'm putting it here instead of making it separate.

Grigg might just be a little bit in love with Sunglasses Mark.

He’s gone to Lecter Coffee for only two weeks now but Sunglasses Mark is always there, writing in his notebook and sipping coffee while holding a spoon between his fingers playing with it.

Grigg has always found sunglasses attractive but Sunglasses Mark makes them a whole other level.

Week two melts into week three, Grigg coming in on a Saturday afternoon and for a moment not seeing Mark among the customers. His hopes are brought up when The barista calls out, “Mark!” loudly enough that Grigg sees the man in question lingering against the counter.

’T-shirts were invented so Mark could wear them,’ he thinks, just as a shot rings out and someone yells.

“On the ground! On the ground! Give me the cash!”

Everyone gets on the ground, though Grigg sees Mark set down his coffee and slowly lay among the others. He then starts to almost expertly slither close to the robber who is screaming at the poor barista.

What happens next takes all of a minute and Grigg memorizes every detail.

Mark grabs the man’s ankle and he drops the gun before it falls, losing his sunglasses, smacking the robber’s head into the floor and hitting his neck so quick that he passes out.

“Wow,” Grigg whispers just before the applause, surprised to catch Sunglasses Mark’s eye.

His beautiful brown eyes.

It’s official.

Grigg is in love with Sunglasses Mark, who just might be a superhero or a secret agent. He’s not sure.

But he’s going to find out.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!